

The Sketch.

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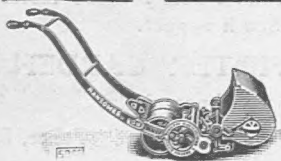
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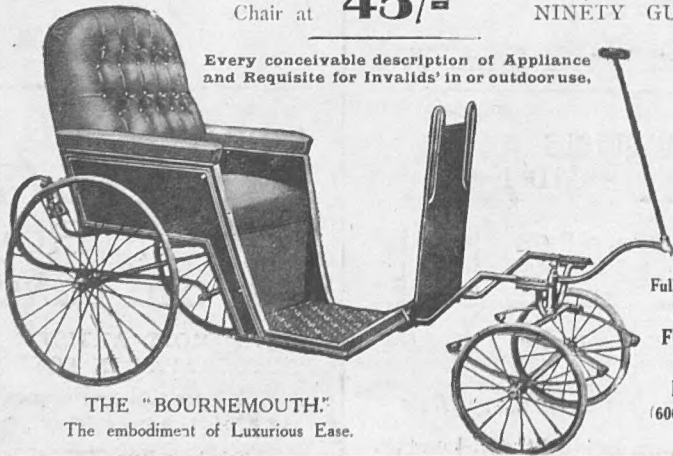
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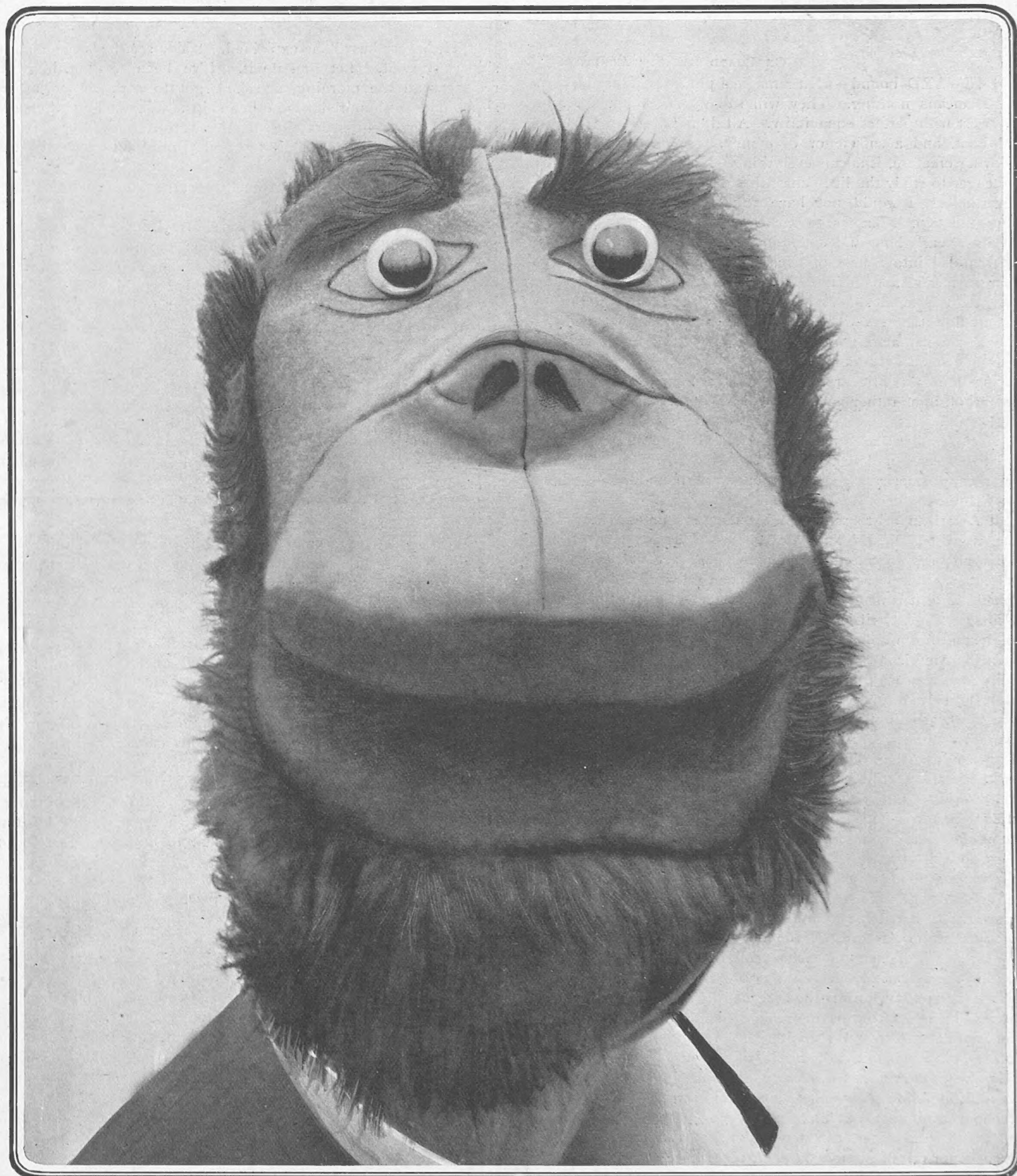
Real Hair Savers.

The Sketch

No. 950. — Vol. LXXIV.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12, 1911.

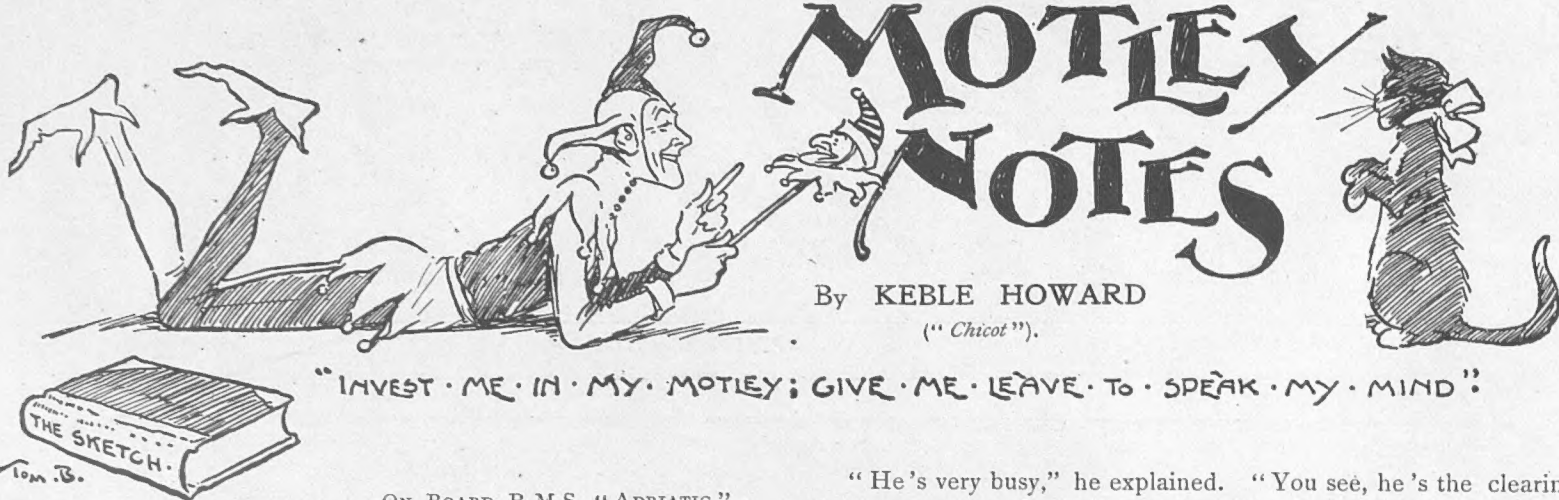
SIXPENCE.



THE RED 'OT — A DANGEROUS RIVAL TO THE TEDDY-BEAR AND THE GOLLYWOG.

We here present a photograph of the latest toy, the "red 'ot," a "face" in which the hand can be encased and which can be "worked" into many amusing expressions. Did we dare, we should ask whether or no the title "red 'ot" was suggested to the inventor by the name of the unofficial prime minister of England: being timorous in such matters, and non-political, we prefer not to do so. In any case, the designer seems to have had a leaning towards the stage Irishman.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



ON BOARD R.M.S. "ADRIATIC."

HOMEWARD bound—what a magical phrase! To some men it means nothing. They will sail north, south, east, or west with perfect equanimity. All they ask is fair weather, a good boat, and a sufficiency of money. To me, essentially a home-loving creature, it means everything. Not a passenger aboard is more eager to study the little chart that daily records our passage.

Nevertheless, I would not have you suppose that I am not enjoying the trip. Thanks to my friend the Mad Doctor, who rose at a very early hour and came down to the docks to see me off, I have tumbled into a nest of excellent fellows. Seven of us sit together at meals, and I fancy we are the merriest table in the saloon. At the head sits one of the chief officers. He is so modest a fellow that I will forbear to name him; but let me hint that he is famous among all those who go down to the sea in ships as a first-rate raconteur.

Facing him is a little Frenchman, sturdy, compact, about forty-five years of age, rather silent, but very observant, and always cheerful and courteous. He pretends that we speak English too quickly for him; but that is merely innocent Gallic guile. I warrant you that his eyes and ears miss nothing. To the right of our chairman is an American gentleman, eastward bound in search of curios. He has informed us that he is one of the few members of the real American aristocracy, and his manners undoubtedly bear out the assertion. No Englishman is quite so English as this friend when he chooses to adopt the manner and accent. His chief weakness is that he poses as a cynic. When we wish to please him very much—and it is necessary, now and again—we tell him that he is the image of Mr. Cyril Maude. This causes him to blush like a schoolgirl and beam upon the world for nearly ten minutes.

Next the American aristocrat sits a voluble German gentleman. He talks American with a German accent, takes a deep interest in literature, is extraordinarily well informed upon every subject under the sun, and exceedingly generous with his information. No matter what the topic may be, our German friend promptly says the last word upon it, and then discusses it at great length. He is apt to get on the nerves of the American aristocrat, and our first breakfast evoked a series of bitter little verbal skirmishes. But the chairman smooths things over with wonderful tact, and I fully expect to see the combatants embracing each other before we sight the Scillies.

I sit opposite the American aristocrat, my young English friend is on my left, and next to him is a very charming but very retiring Scotch gentleman. You would suppose that the last-mentioned had never left his home and his family before, and yet he told us to-day that he has crossed the Atlantic some sixty-five times. One never sees him except at meals, and rarely hears him even then.

Among the celebrities on board is the famous Jack Binns, the wireless telegraphist who was the first man to summon help in time of distress by means of his instrument. The German gentleman was on board the distressed ship at the time, and has kindly taken me to see Jack Binns in the operating-room. Mr. Binns is not at all like Mr. Jack Barrymore's wireless telegraphist in "The Dictator." He is a little fellow, very quiet, unassuming, with a dash of the Polytechnic Institute about him. He works in a small state-room placed amidships and near the stern. The walls are decorated with pictures—a portrait of Signor Marconi, of course, and a pretty girl, with whom, for all I know to the contrary, Mr. Binns may be in love.

He was in touch with the *Caronia* at the hour of my visit. I asked him to speak with her—she was not much more than a hundred miles away—and he did so. I awaited the answer with considerable interest, but Mr. Binns did not give it me verbatim.

"He's very busy," he explained. "You see, he's the clearing ship at present. Let him do it. I've been feeding him with messages all the morning, and he's got to work 'em off, as well as a couple of hundred from other ships. Why is he the clearing ship? Because he's got the most powerful transmitter. He can keep in touch with both sides pretty well all the time, but I can't do anything like that."

I led him on to tell me something about the experience that made him famous.

"There wasn't much in it," said Mr. Binns. "Any wireless operator could and would have done the same. I just kept on calling till I got an answer. The only thing was that I had to repair the instrument before I could call at all, and that took me a long time, because all the lights were out. I stayed on the ship with the captain and some of the others. It was good to hear the passengers who had been taken off give us a cheer as they went by. Yes, that sounded pretty good, that did."

The little Frenchman has a friend on the *Caronia*, and, both being men of unlimited wealth, they chat to one another by wireless as we forge along.

"Sorry to see you're rocking so much," came the ironical message from the *Caronia*.

"Very comfortable, thank you," replied the little Frenchman. "Won't you come over and have a drink?"

With such simple humours one whiles away an Atlantic voyage. Every afternoon the American aristocrat rides the electric horse in the gymnasium for an hour; he is desperately anxious to keep his figure as slim as Mr. Maude's. Between ourselves, the task is hopeless. Every night, the German gentleman, who is on intimate terms with the whole ship, plays cards for a couple of hours, and loses his money. Every evening, before dinner, I go to the barber's shop for a shave. There is something most cheerful about a barber's shop on board ship. This barber is a particularly agreeable person. He laughed with splendid heartiness when I asked him if it were true that he had to put his customers in a rocking-chair, when ashore, before he could safely shave them.

"Bless your heart," he said, "I don't work when I'm ashore. That's just why this life suits me so well. I don't like working all the year round. One week at work and the next week idle—that's my way of going on." There seemed to be sound sense at the back of the idea.

LATER.

We have sighted the Scillies. I have to keep them in sight and pack up at the same time. This is very difficult.

LONDON.

I am home. We got in to Plymouth about 8.30 at night, but it was half-an-hour or more before we were allowed to board the tender. One could not even get a glimpse of her. This was hard, since I had good reason to believe that a particular friend had come from London to meet me, and was at that moment bobbing up and down by the side of the great steamer. However, what matters that now? I am home.

The first Englishman I met as I stepped on to the quay at Plymouth was a policeman. I shook him warmly by the hand. He was not in the least annoyed. My porter, by a curious chance, was a Frenchman. It seemed necessary to converse with him in his native language. This complicated the difficulties of getting through the customs, and I nearly lost the train.

I repeat, what matter these things now? I am at home, very happy, very tired. I propose to sleep for three days.

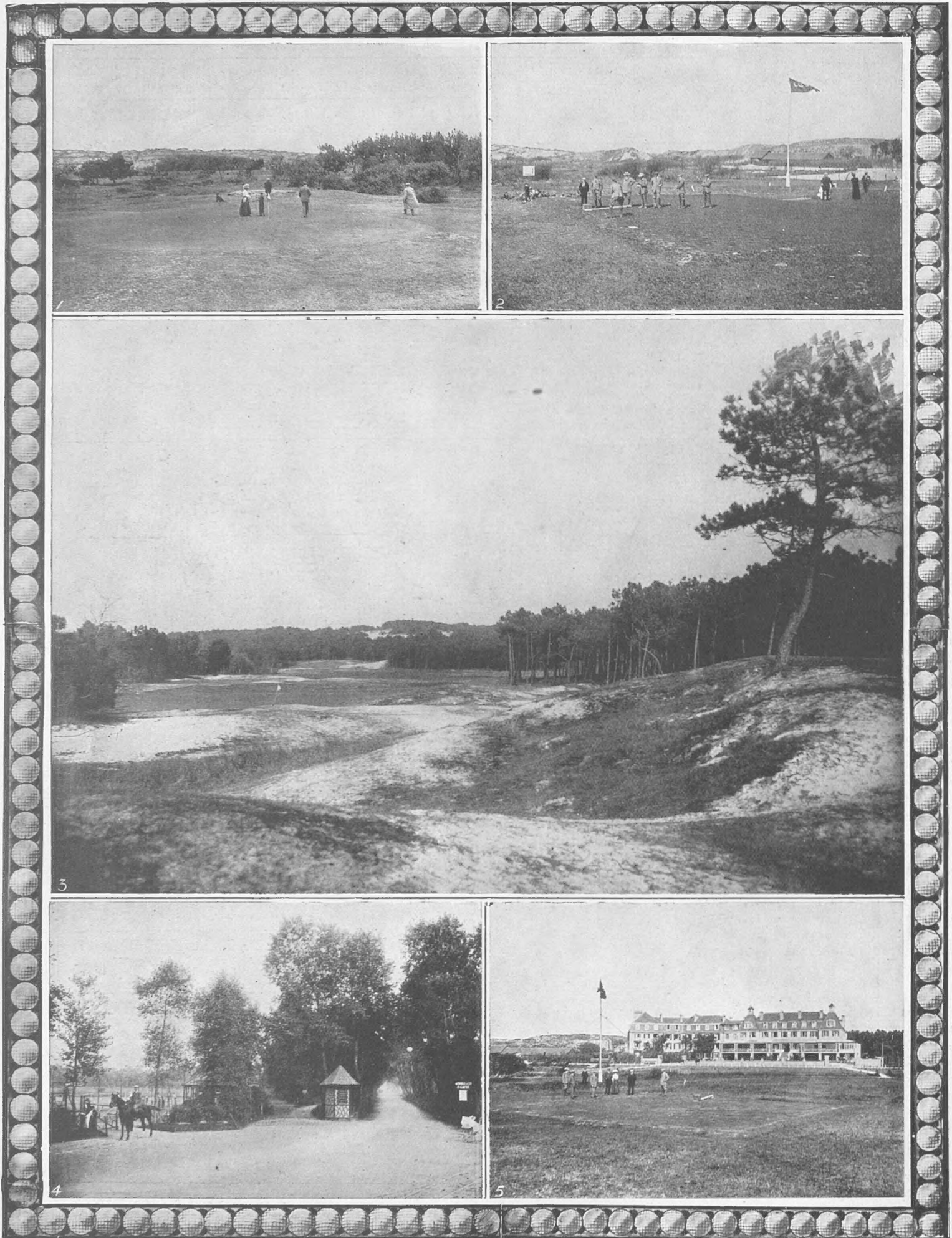
"HIER SPRICHT MAN DEUTSCH!" THE TALKING DOG.



A NINE-WORD WONDER: DON, THE TALKING DOG, AND HIS MASTER'S DAUGHTER, FRL. EBERS.

As we remarked last week, when we gave a photograph of him, Don can say "Don," "Haben" (have), "Ruhe" (quiet), and "Hunger" (hunger). Also in his vocabulary are four other words, and "Haberland," which is the name of the fiancé of Frl. Ebers, daughter of his master, Herr Hermann Ebers, the royal gamekeeper. Don has been introduced to the public in the "Zoo," at Hamburg, by the Director, Professor Dr. Vosseler. This month he is appearing at the Berlin Winter Garden. We may repeat the story of his accomplishment (as given in our last issue): "The dog has been examined by scientific men, and they have found that he can really articulate. This wonderful gift was discovered quite accidentally. He was begging at the table. His master asked him (of course, in German) 'What will you have?' and he answered 'Have.' He was then taught the words he can now say."—[Photographs by Ernst Schneider.]

THE VERY PLACE FOR EASTER PLAY: LE TOUQUET LINKS.



1. THE THIRD GREEN.

4. LEAFY LANES AT LE TOUQUET.

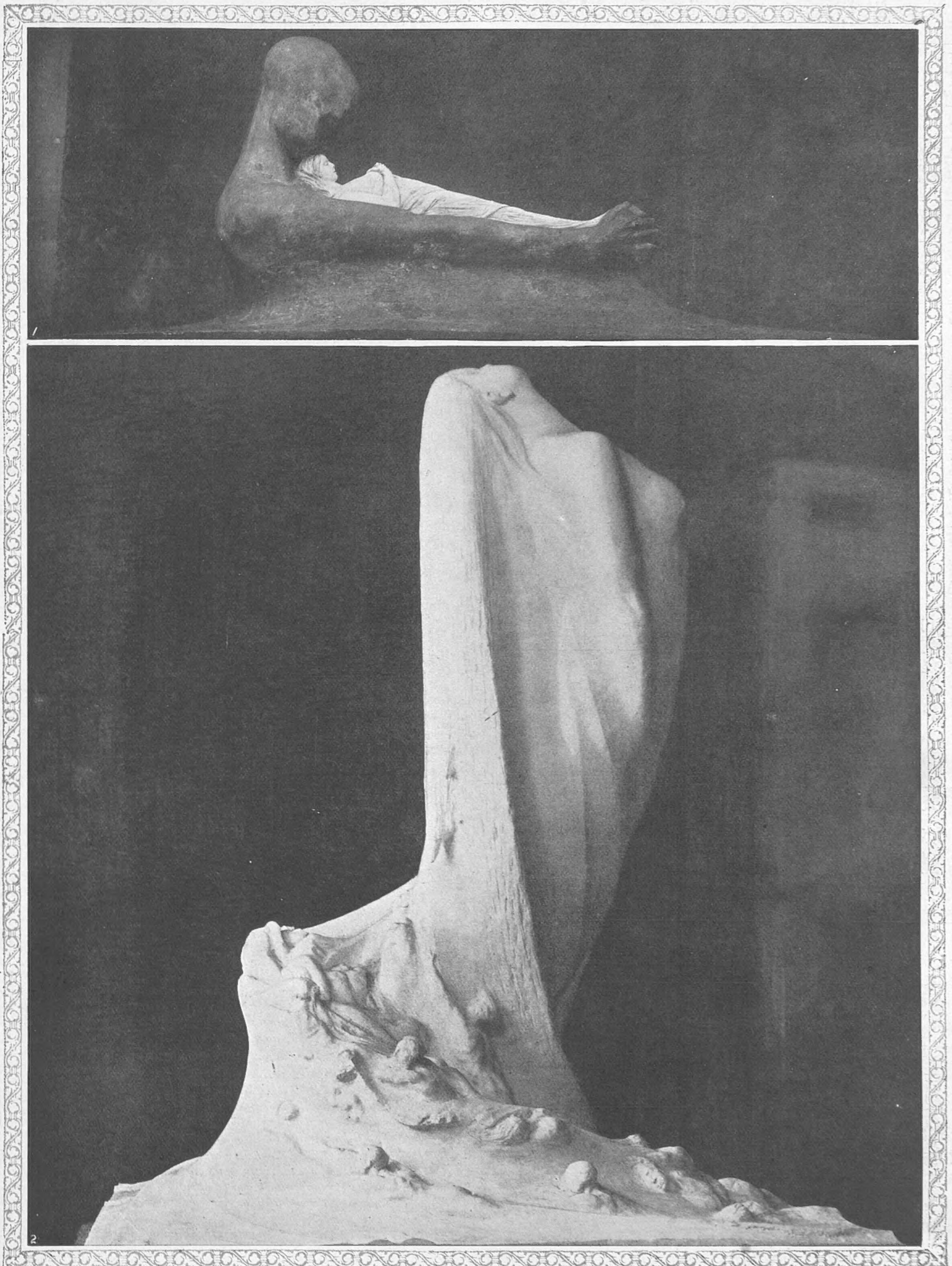
3. THE FIFTEENTH GREEN.

2. THE FIRST TEE.

5. A VIEW FROM THE FIRST TEE.

The excellent golf-links are one of Le Touquet's chief attractions. The greens and tees have been through a thorough re-doing, water from the main is laid on to all the greens—in fact, everything has been done to cater for the most fastidious golfer. The natural opportunities for absolutely first-class golf-links are obvious. The length of holes varies from 80 to 500 yards—each hole has its own special merits, the natural hazards are sufficient to catch a badly played stroke, and the player who returns a good score has played golf as the game was intended to be before park-golf became the fashion. Competent professionals are always in attendance, and there is, besides the 18-hole course, a 9-hole course and instruction course for beginners. The Easter Meeting begins on the 17th.

BY THE SON OF ICELANDIC PEASANTS: REMARKABLE SCULPTURES.



1. "IN THE ARMS OF DEATH," BY EINAR JONSSON.

2. "THE WATER-FALL," BY EINAR JONSSON.

Einar Jonsson, author of these remarkable sculptures, is the son of poor Icelandic peasants, and was born in Iceland in 1874. At a very early age he showed signs of artistic tastes. For two years, from 1893, he studied at Copenhagen under the famous Norwegian sculptor, Stephan Sinding. Later, he was for three years under other masters. Then he produced his first big work, "Der Friedlose."

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The ANNUAL SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL will be inaugurated on EASTER MONDAY, April 17, with Shakespeare's A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, with Mendelssohn's music, and will be given every evening for four consecutive weeks, with WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY MATINEES.

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Music by Leslie Stuart. Box-office open daily 10 to 10.

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BOGNOR		16 6	11 3	8 9
SOUTHSEA		19 0	12 0	9 6
PORTSMOUTH		19 0	12 0	9 6
ISLE OF WIGHT		21 6	13 6	11 0
SEAFOURD		14 0	10 0	7 9
EASTBOURNE		14 0	10 6	8 0
REXHILL		14 0	10 6	8 0
HASTINGS		14 0	10 6	8 0

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Day Excursions will be run on Good Friday, Easter Sunday and Monday.

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TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

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Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

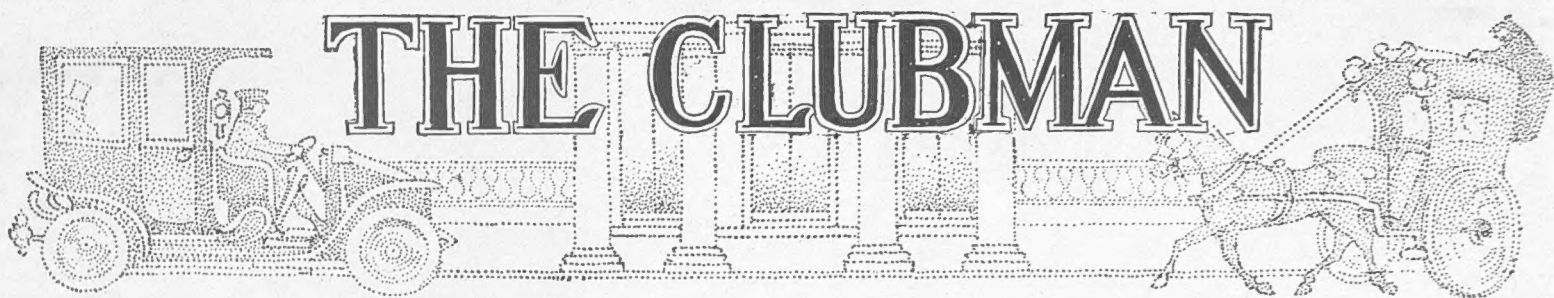
Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

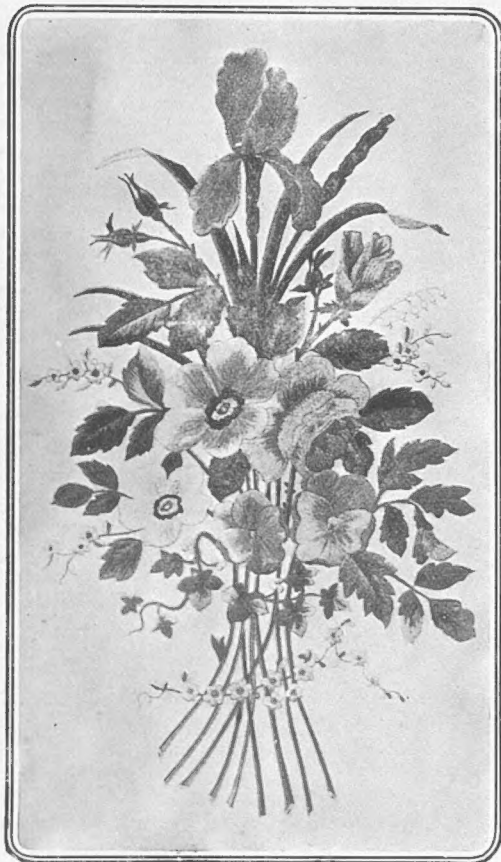
With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.
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A Complaint of Hosts.

A sorely tried host has lifted up his voice in print to complain of the conduct of the guests whom he has asked to week-end parties, and who have either not replied at all to his invitations, have refused at the last moment, or have behaved in his house as though they were staying at some hotel.



BY A GUARDSMAN: A SPRAY OF FLOWERS IN COLOURED SILKS.

Valuable prizes were offered at the Brigade of Guards' Industrial Exhibition at Chelsea Barracks. It is the idea of those interested in the movement, that if the soldier can be made something of a handy man he stands a better chance of getting employment when his time of service is over. The above is one of the exhibits.

Photograph by W.G.P.

out of fashion, and happily so, for to be taken drives or shown cathedrals or famous houses or other show things, when one would sooner loiter about a garden or play a game of golf, is no real hospitality. Guests nowadays certainly do not behave with the punctilious politeness of old days, but the host and hostess of to-day, as a rule, do not expect it from their guests. A week-end visit is no longer a visit of ceremony, and a hostess who insisted on her guests being on their best behaviour from Saturday to Monday would most probably find her house empty.

The Etiquette of Guardianship.

It was only the other day that a grave matter of the right to guard the Sovereign in his palaces was under dispute between the representatives of the Household Cavalry and the Brigade of Guards, the Foot Guards holding that they and they alone had the right to guard the Sovereign in his palaces, while the Mounted Corps also put in a claim to that right and quoted precedents. Fortunately, no blood was shed over the dispute, as would have been the case had it arisen in duelling days. Of course there is a corps with a better claim than either the Foot Guards, the Horse Guards, or the Life Guards to guard the King in his palaces, and that corps is the Gentlemen-at-Arms. They are the nearest guard, and at all State ceremonials are closest to the King and Queen as their guards. In France also the question of the guarding of the ruler of the State has been under discussion. It was suggested in print that the National Guards, that fine body of infantry and cavalry who assist the police to keep the peace in Paris, who are to be seen inside and outside the theatres of the City of Light, and who are better dressed than infantry and cavalry of the line,

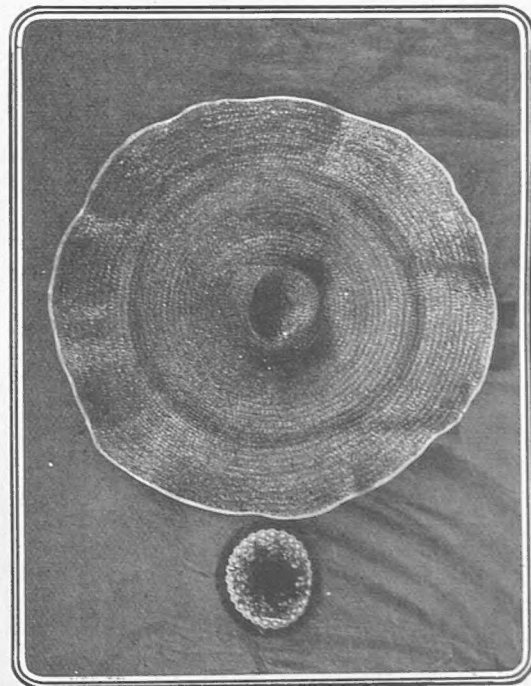
should find a guard to travel with the President of the Republic whenever he made an official journey into the provinces. The French army would not for a moment tolerate any such interference with their rights, and it was at once pointed out that the President in his palace at the Elysée is guarded by the little red-trousered soldiers of the infantry of the Paris garrison, that his escort on State processional occasions is found by the Cuirassier regiments, and that when he goes to Longchamp, the French infantry find the guard of honour outside the Presidential tribune; while the National Guard confines its energies to clearing the course and preventing the populace from burning down the Pari-Mutuel booths. Therefore the President will, as before, be guarded on his journey by the troops of the district through which he passes.

The Red-and-Gold Sash.

A good deal of fuss was made in Parliament about the proposed Levee-dress officer's sash. Lord Haldane at first promised that no officer who did not wish to do so should be obliged to buy the crimson-and-gold sash; but, on mature consideration, the rule as to the new article of adornment was quashed altogether. I should imagine that the opposition to this sash came from careful fathers, or the representatives of careful fathers, and not from the young officers in the Service. In Queen Victoria's day every infantry officer possessed a gold-and-crimson sash, worn over the shoulder; a gold-and-crimson belt, a gold-and-crimson sword-knot, and gold-and-crimson stripes for his overalls.

The Manufacturers' Cry.

An exceedingly bitter cry, however, comes from the manufacturers in whose hands the making of the new sash was placed. They were assured by the War Office authorities that there was no possibility of the new sash not coming into wear. They took on extra hands to push forward the making of them as rapidly as possible, bought some thousands of pounds' worth of materials, and booked orders from individual officers because a wish had been expressed that all the officers of the line regiments brought into London for the unveiling of Queen Victoria's statue and for the Coronation fêtes should wear these sashes. In answer to a question in the House of Commons, however, Colonel Seely said the other day that officers' claims in respect of expenditure incurred before the Army Order for the new sash was cancelled would be favourably considered. Otherwise, perhaps, many of our officers would be in possession of gorgeous sashes which they would not be allowed to wear, and which would probably eventually be used as belts by their female relations. Nothing was said about compensating the manufacturers. In their bitterness of heart the manufacturers have disclosed a fact of which most people were ignorant—that a few years ago there was another sash fiasco, when an unpleated sash was invented by some genius, and was taken into wear for a short period, but was discarded because the late King Edward considered that it looked more like a hat-band than a sash, which no doubt it did.



BRITISH GUARDSMEN AS KNITTERS, DARNERS, FANCY-WORKERS, AND HANDY MEN GENERALLY: A STRAW HAT MADE BY A SCOTS GUARDSMAN.

The hat is shown by the side of a hat of ordinary size that a comparison may be made. It was exhibited among 450 specimens of work shown at Chelsea Barracks last week at the Brigade of Guards' Industrial Exhibition. Various samples of knitting, darning, fancy-work, cabinet-making, fret-work, and so on, were in evidence.

Photograph by W.G.P.

SMALL TALK

LORD VALLETORT'S sister (an Edith, like his fiancée) became, on her marriage to the present Lord St. Levan, the mistress of one of the few seats in England that could compensate her for leaving her father's, or compare with his for picturesqueness. Lord Mount

Edgumbe's property has not seldom been confused with his son-in-law's, who, as Lord St. Levan and "Lord of St. Michael's Mount," has been associated with Devonport. The land upon which that town is built was inherited by the late Lord St. Levan from an ancestor of Queen Anne's day, whose wife brought him the land for dower. Besides the land, she brought a cartload of half-crowns. If Lord Clarendon likes to follow the precedent, let him save time and weight, and pile a motor with Georgian sovereigns instead when his daughter weds Lord Valle-



MOST POPULAR IN ENGLISH SOCIETY: COUNTESS PAULINE PAPPENHEIM.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

tort. A more economical precedent, however, for the future bride's father would be found in an incident still recalled in the bridegroom's family. When, in 1353, William Edgumbe married, the Black Prince fixed the price to be paid for a wife. The price was forty shillings, the wife Hilaria de Cothell, who still gives her name to the daughters of the house. Lady Edith Villiers' prospective sister-in-law bears Edith for her first, and Hilaria for her second name. If

in ancient days the Black Prince was at hand to show his concern for an Edgumbe wedding, there is no lack of royal interest in a similar function to-day. Lord Valletort, like his father, has been counted among the friends of both Edward VII. and George V., and Lady Edith Villiers and her father are equally favoured with the friendship and esteem of the King and Queen.

Lady Wantage's Independence.

It was inevitable that Lord Lansdowne's bargain should set other picture-owners thinking. Who, with a presentable old Dutch landscape on his wall, has not looked towards it more fondly of late, or flicked it tenderly with a silk handkerchief? Among the holders of undoubted landscapes by Rembrandt, however, there are very few Englishmen. Lord Northbrook's "Landscape with a Town in the Distance" has been passed by the highest authorities as being the Master's own. But who, besides Lord Northbrook, is quite at ease? Lady Wantage, herself no mean judge, holds a view strongly in favour of the

attribution to Rembrandt of the "Beginning of the Storm" in her own collection. But to this claim many experts turn an incredulous ear; they have looked it up in the most authoritative work on Rembrandt, in the vast eight volumes that contain the final verdict on his work, and they find Lady Wantage's picture discredited there. Perhaps Lady Wantage is justified in abiding by another view: the author of the eight volumes in question is Dr. Bode!

The Lady Bountiful. Many of Lady Wantage's splendid pictures belong to the Dutch school (she, too, has a "Mill"—but by

Hobbema), and great examples of the English and Italian masters also are hers. When Lord Wantage died, in 1901, his barony died with him, but not his titles to good taste. These have been kept green by Lady Wantage, whose own hobbies include tapestries and travel, and, above all, charities. Her name has grown famous on subscription lists, while the Wantage Hall at Reading is of her own building, and many another institution partly of her making.



WELL KNOWN IN POLITICAL AND LEGAL CIRCLES: MRS. PERCY ILLINGWORTH.

Before her marriage, which took place in 1907 Mrs. Illingworth was Miss May Coats. She is a daughter of the late Mr. George Coats, of Staneley, Paisley. Mr. Illingworth has been M.P. for the Shipley Division since 1906, and is a Junior Lord of the Treasury (unpaid).—[Photograph by Mendelsohn.]

in 1812. And now, a hundred years later, they are trying to coin a President's name to a verb-active of peace.

In Pall Mall. A building without its kitchens is like a motor without a petrol-tank, and the Royal Automobile Club was but half itself before the opening last week of its restaurant. Sir Henry and Lady Norman, who were the first that ever burst upon its virgin tables and menu, made the most of the occasion, and had among their guests at dinner Mr. and Miss Asquith, Colonel Seely (an authority on fuel for man and machines) and Mrs. Seely, Mr. Bernard Shaw (whose witticisms went off like sparks from a sparking-plug), and Sir Herbert and Lady Jekyll. Hyde was not invited!



"MRS. SPEAKER": MRS. J. W. LOWTHER.

Before her marriage Mrs. Lowther was Miss Mary Frances Hope, youngest daughter of the late Rt. Hon. A. J. B. Beresford Hope. She has just celebrated her silver wedding.

Photograph by Thomson.

Taftizing. Lord Hugh Cecil does not stick at words, even American words.

But it is doubtful if he knows the origin of his phrase when he accuses the Government of "gigantic gerrymandering." Other speakers in the Commons have used it, in the dark. "If this is not gerrymandering, then Mr. Jerry Mander has lived in vain," once exclaimed an indignant orator. As a matter of fact, the word is derived from the name of Elbridge Gerry, Governor of Massachusetts, and Vice-President of the United States



A GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH: LADY MARGARET SCOTT.

Lady Margaret Scott is the eldest daughter of the Earl of Dalkeith, son of the Duke of Buccleuch. She was born in 1893.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



A POPULAR AMERICAN PEERESS: THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX.

The Countess was Miss Adela Grant, and is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Beach Grant, of New York. She married the Earl of Essex, as his second wife, in 1893.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

FRUIT, A FOOT, AND LEAVES TURNED INTO METAL.



1. A CRESTED GERANIUM-LEAF TRANSFORMED INTO A METAL BROOCH.

2. TO SERVE AS A CHANTECLER HAT - PIN: A FOWL'S-FOOT METALLISED.

3. A CACTUS CONVERTED INTO A METAL PEPPER - POT.

4. PRESERVING IN METAL ALL THEIR NATURAL TINTS: A METALLISED BUNCH OF BLACK GRAPES.

By means of a secret process Professor Louis G. Delamothe is able to convert flowers, fruit, and even animal life into metal. His method does not consist merely of electro-plating. "He does not deposit upon the surface of the petals of the carnation, pear, dragon-fly, or what not, a thin layer of metal. Such plating is by no means a new art. . . . He confines his energies towards the conversion of the organic material into one of an inorganic character. . . . As a matter of fact, when looking at a bunch of grapes which have been converted into the metallic state by his process, it is impossible to say that it is otherwise than fruit. . . . The treatment is accomplished in its entirety by electrical agency."—[By courtesy of the "World's Work".]

CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK.

COUNTING sheep going through a gap is out of date now as a cure for sleeplessness. The choicest modern remedy is a midnight ride in a motor-car; but for those who cannot afford a motor-car, the proper thing to do is to go to bed with goggles on, and to toot a horn until they drop off to sleep or are banged over the head by the next-door neighbour.

Double chins can be cured by leaving off eating starchy food. In fact, anyone can regulate the contours of her face by taking a greater or less quantity of starch. With all the tips for being beautiful that are going about, no one has now any excuse for remaining plain.



as it happens, are just the places where no one would care to take a cold tub, even to spite a microbe.

THE PERFECT LOVER.

(The modern young man is much too humble in dealing with women. What women really like is a rude, strong man, who knows his own mind, and will not give way to them.)

If you want to be successful in securing the affection of a damsel, you should never be obtrusively polite; When you humbly beg for favours you are asking for rejection.

When you grovel on the carpet you are looking for a slight. You must cultivate the art of being rude and overbearing.

Count Hannibal's the model of the lover who succeeds; By wooing in a tearing rage, by bullying and swearing, You'll prove the perfect lover that the modern maiden needs.



"To be English is not to wear a queerly cut coat and to be minus a beard," says a Budapest paper. This is a great concession. Perhaps some day the Continental caricaturists will be able to draw an Englishman without enormous projecting teeth and flapping ears.

The burned-out State Capitol at Albany, U.S.A., was worth two millions sterling, but it cost five millions to build. The difference between these two sums is the value of Triumphant Democracy.

New light on the habits of lions. A favourite dish with the king of animals is a porcupine *au naturel*. The fretful quills tickle the palate, and give some occupation to the lioness in picking them out of her lord and master's tongue after dinner.

Posset-drinking is likely to be revived in England, according to a tentative paragraph. Posset, let me tell you, is made by mixing

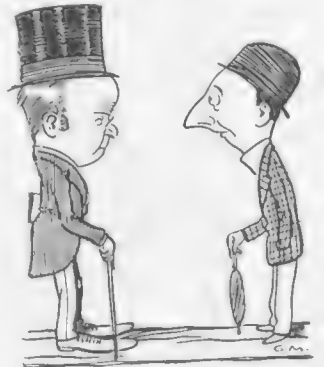
hot milk with hot ale, and drinking the mixture hot. Now, which of you gallant lads is going to sacrifice his whisky-and-soda to inaugurate this revival?



Mr. Turner declared at the Royal Dental Hospital of London (which is introduced to show that he was not pulling our legs) that fishes never have toothache. Those of us who have never conversed with a fish on this subject will take the fact for granted, but it is a poor consolation when a fish-bone is sticking in one's tenderest bit of gum.

A Parisian scientist has discovered that large feet show sanity in men. Good! The nation is safer than some people imagine.

But he has also discovered that large feet are a sign of lunacy in women. That is why the "prillillgel" is more popular with men than the Suffragette.



Oh, that banana-skin! Here's a man who has spent his life fighting

Red Indians and working in a powder manufactory, with the San Francisco earthquake thrown in as an interlude, who has received his first injury of any sort by slipping on a banana-peel. That is the worst of Dame Nature; whenever she does get hold of a joke it is always a chestnut.

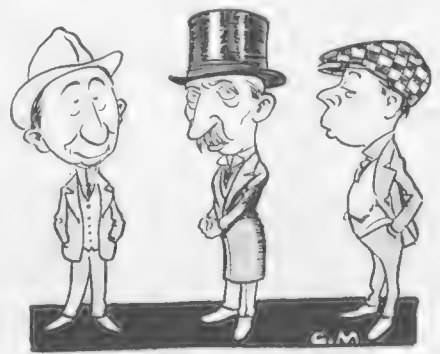
ANCHORING EASTER.

(A suggestion will be made in Parliament that for the future the year shall consist of 364 days, and that Easter shall be a fixed, and not a movable feast.)

The Commons are out to hobble Both Easter and Whitsun Day, Which at present are dates that wobble In an inconvenient way; For to calculate their vagaries With the aid of a number or two,

And a capital letter that varies, Is a fearsome thing to do.

For years we've been hoping and praying That someone would get on the track Of Easter, and keep it from straying Half over the almanack. If the Commons would only tether The date to the first of May, Perhaps there'd be better weather On Easter and Whitsun Day.



This is gorgeous. Mr. Jacob, of Hampstead, proposes to decorate the stands along the Coronation route with Boy Scouts on the top of posts. There are quite a number of people who might be used up as gargoyles.

Do you know what happens when you shed tears for your numberless iniquities? An abstraction of water and of albuminoid and chemical substances takes place at the immediate expense of the cerebral blood, which dulls the nerve-centres to pain for some instants. It is shocking to think that the irreverent schoolboy has for ages summed up this beautiful process in the word "blubbing."



♣ ♣ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ♣ ♣



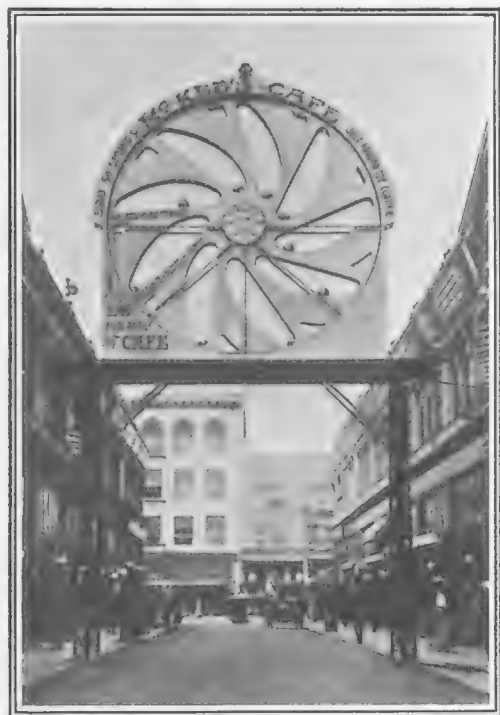
"SKIRTED" MAN; "TROUSERED" WOMEN: A CURIOSITY-AROUSING TRIO IN A BERLIN STREET.

The three pedestrians here photographed caused much curiosity recently when walking through Berlin streets.



AN ORIENTALISED MERRY-GO-ROUND: A DEVICE WITH ELEPHANT "HORSES" IN INDIA.

It will be noted that the merry-go-round has been adapted to local needs, with elephants and other beasts as "horses."—[Photograph by Record Press.]



A "PERPETUAL MOTION" MACHINE AS AN ADVERTISEMENT.

The 20-ft. wheels revolve night and day, and "perpetual motion" is claimed for it. The theory is that of leverage. The wooden wheel is pulled down on the left rim by heavy metal balls at the circumference, while, by the curving grooves that radiate from the axle, the balls at the right gradually slide to the centre, whence, as the wheels revolve, they slide once more to the left rim. The motion is continuous, but slow.—[Photograph by Fleet.]



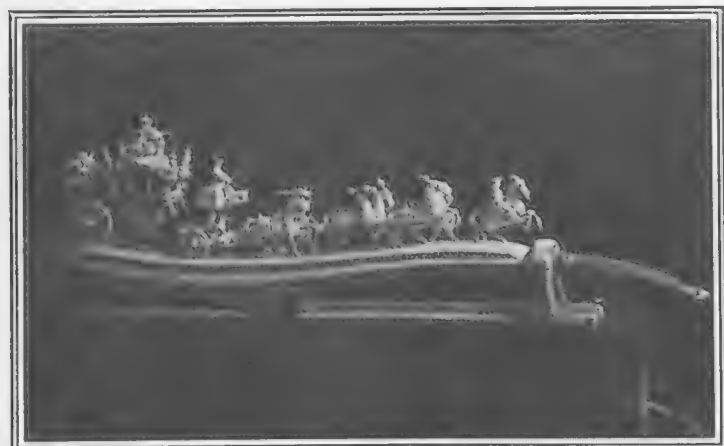
THE "BUTTONHOLE" WORN ON THE SLEEVE: A NEW IDEA.

Certain up-to-date Parisiennes, and, it is said, Londoners, have taken to wearing the "buttonhole" on the sleeve, in the manner here shown. Ribbons mingle with the flowers. To quote an American description. "If [the wearer] is a college girl, she wears the colours of her college. If she is a Suffragette, she wears the insignia of that movement."—[Photograph by Fleet.]



FISHING FOR JEWELLERY: A CURIOUS WAY OF EARNING A LIVING.

The photograph comes to us from the United States, and shows how there are those who earn a living by "fishing" for jewellery at Atlantic City. Several men practise this method of earning a living, and one of them recently hooked a 700-dollar ring. It may be noted that the occupation is not confined to the United States. At many an English seaside resort similar tactics may be seen, if on a more amateurish scale.—[Photograph by Topical.]



STATE FOR THE SMOKER: A BEAUTIFULLY CARVED IVORY MOUTH-PIECE WHICH BELONGED TO LUDWIG II. OF BAVARIA.

Photograph by Boedecker.



DANCERS FOUR-AND-QUAINT: AN INTERESTING EXHIBIT AT THE SALON DES HUMORISTES, IN PARIS.

Photograph by Central Illustration

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

Poetic Drama in Modern Times.

From time to time, in the curious, entertaining interviews with managers and others that appear in the newspapers and gladden the hearts of the humorous, I see the statement that the public of our days do not care for poetic drama or tragedy in verse. No doubt, these remarks are made in good faith, since they come from the

mouths of people intensely anxious to gratify, and sometimes even to flatter, the public taste. Yet no great weight should be attached to them, since the public has little opportunity of showing its taste in the matter, except so far as the plays of Shakespeare are concerned. Other dramatists who have written in verse have been somewhat neglected in London by the fashionable managers. Of course, we have had exceptions. Miss Brayton and Mr. Oscar Asche bravely presented Mr. Besier's fine tragedy, "The Virgin Goddess," which, now that their position is better established, they might revive with a chance of better success. Also, we owe to them Mr. Laurence Binyon's admirably written if not very strongly dramatic tragedy called "Attila." Mr. Otho Stuart's production at the Adelphi of "Tristram and Iseult," by Mr. J. Comyns Carr, should be recollected. Moreover, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree has offered to us three poetic dramas by Mr. Stephen Phillips—"Herod" in 1900, "Ulysses" in 1902, and "Nero" in 1906.



THE JUPE-CULOTTE A CONVENIENCE TO THE 'CELLIST: MISS BEATRICE HARRISON IN HER HAREM SKIRT.

Miss Beatrice Harrison, the well-known 'cellist, wore a harem skirt at a Symphony Concert of the Queen's Hall Orchestra the other day, at which she was one of the soloists. She regards the new dress as particularly convenient for the 'cellist.

Photograph by Bassano.

Nor have I forgotten Mr. Phillips' most famous work, "Paolo and Francesca," which Mr. George Alexander produced in 1902. There have been other experiments by fashionable managers during this century, but not numerous or, as a rule, important, and one has to go further back to reach a time when such productions were more than isolated and rare. Managers guess, and perhaps correctly, that poetic drama, unless assisted by the magic name of Shakespeare, is not attractive to the great public; and since they act upon the belief that magnificence of mounting is necessary to render this class of work palatable, they are justified in thinking that such ventures are very dangerous for them.

Outside Ventures in Poetic Drama.

On the other hand, the non-commercial enterprises and unfashionable managers have, relatively speaking, been decidedly more generous in the matter. Few playgoers can have forgotten the Vedrenne-Barker presentation of Professor Gilbert Murray's superb translations of Greek tragedies. The Irish Theatre has been untiring in its presentation of beautiful tragedy by the late J. M. Synge and Mr. Yeats. The Stage Society a little while since gave us Mr. Masenfield's admirable play called "Pompey the Great"; the Poetry Society has just given us Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon"; whilst a few days ago "Queen Herzeleid," by Isabel Hearne, was presented by the Play Actors. Before dealing with this work directly, I should like to say a word more about what is commonly deemed the highest form of drama—namely, tragedy in verse—though I offer no opinion whether in reality it is the highest form. There are some common errors concerning plays in verse. Many people seem to think that a drama is likely to be more palatable or

dignified merely because it is written in verse, blank or rhymed. Experience shows that, even apart from the point (which I think unimportant) that verse is an addition to the number of conventions, in reality, the verse drama is under a handicap compared with a prose play if other conditions are equal, for the verse requires a disadvantageous leisureliness in speech, and is apt to seem a little ridiculous in the simple connecting speeches of a drama; and, unless bald enough to be bad, it involves inversions and complications of speech which render it comparatively difficult to understand at first hearing. It must never be forgotten that verse, even of the highest literary quality, cannot make a play dramatic. There are many beautiful poems in play form radically unsuited to the stage, the production of some of which by indiscreet admirers has caused the public to be rather frightened by dramas in verse, dreading boredom, not quite unjustly. On the other hand, if a drama is really strong and dignified, and, above all, highly imaginative, the employment of nobly written verse is of great advantage; and at the present, just as in the past—and even more, perhaps—a well-written, well-conceived drama in verse is likely to achieve a very substantial measure of success, although it would not draw as many people as a popular farce or musical comedy, and is not likely to pay for the gorgeous mounting which some deem necessary, although experience has proved that it is needless.

Queen Herzeleid and the Play Actors.

Unfortunately, the play by Isabel Hearne, though it was wise as well as bold of the Play Actors to produce it, is not really dramatic. The verse, as far as one could judge, hearing it for the first time, is excellently written, and a curious device of employing a chorus of Kundrie and two women supposed to be invisible to the performers on the stage was quite legitimate; but, alas! the play is too curiously uneventful. Of external incident there is next to nothing, and there is no psychological development in the Queen herself, though a little occurs in Parzival, her son, whom the audience remembered as the hero of some of the curiously conflicting legends concerning the Holy Grail, the nature and significance of which is likely to remain a mystery for all time. Maternal love, motherly anxiety to keep a youthful son from the dangers due to contact with a bustling world, is a theme that can only be handled with success by a dramatist of great imaginative power and much technical skill: these qualities were not exhibited in a striking degree by the graceful, tranquilly interesting play. Some of the acting was very good. Miss Frances Wetherall, though a little overweighted by the part of the Queen, played with much sincerity, and at times with an admirably pathetic effect. Miss Adeline Bourne and Miss Olive Noble acted the difficult parts of Chorus excellently. Mr. Frederick Worlock, the Parzival, a young actor with an imposing presence, showed considerable intelligence and a fair amount of ability. The character of an old physician was very well rendered by Mr. Herbert Bunston.



"THE MASTER BUILDER," AT THE LITTLE THEATRE: MISS LILLAH MCCARTHY AS HILDA WANGEL AND MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL AS HALVARD SOLNESS.

HANDLING THE ALLIGATOR—IN INFANCY AND IN AGE.



BABIES: A YOUNGSTER PLAYING WITH LITTLE ALLIGATORS ON AN ALLIGATOR FARM IN CALIFORNIA.



TACKLING A FULL-GROWN REPTILE: THE PROPER WAY TO HOLD AN ALLIGATOR.

We are enabled to reproduce the lower of these two photographs by courtesy of the "Technical World Magazine," of Chicago and New York. Referring to the photograph, that journal says: "Alligator-catching is a strange occupation. The commercial value of these strange reptiles is, of course, their skins, and for this reason quite a small army of men hunt them regularly, not only in Florida, but their cousins, the crocodiles, on the banks of the Nile, and also along the Ganges. These creatures live to a great age, many in the East being known to be 500 years old, and by the tremendous strength which they can exert when occasion calls for it, one would imagine that the older they live the stronger they grow. Besides an unusual amount of pluck and resource in handling the alligator, one needs to have a keen eye and a quick hand. To secure your animal you must grip it instantly and then keep its jaws closed. As one alligator-catcher remarked, 'to hold the same jaws open would be an experience gained too late to be of use.' For the alligator in its native land is not, as it appears to be, safely imprisoned at the 'Zoo,' a sleepy and slow-moving creature, but very quick and lively in all its movements."—[Photographs by Underwood and Underwood, and Shepstone.]

CROWNS CORONETS COURTIER



COUNT R. VON POURTALES, WHO HAS MARRIED COUNTESS ALEXANDRA VON BERNSTOFF.

Count R. von Pourtales is an Attaché at the German Embassy at Washington. The wedding was attended by President Taft and his family.

Photograph by Topical.

"a fine actor—finer than I had thought," is his verdict on the Tree he has now for the first time seen acting. And it is in the music-halls, let us remember, that royalty has already consented to appear in a like manner. Long before King George arranged to take his place in his box at Edinburgh, he and Queen Mary had made their appearance on the screen of the moving picture. The Kaiser now travels, like Mr. Roosevelt, with a cinematograph operator, one of his equerries having learnt the trick; but before either Emperor or President submitted himself to the Maxim-like camera, King Edward had yielded, under pressure, to the same engine of publicity.

Court Jesters. King Edward, however strict he may have been in regard to certain forms of entertainment, was quick to recognise that the music-hall and the music-hall comedian were important items on the national programme of recreation. A certain Parisian cicerone probably remembers the rebuff he received when he proposed to the late King a visit to a play of doubtful character, and one of the King's last actions was to make his displeasure known in regard to certain private entertainments (innocent enough, it had been thought) arranged by some of his own friends. Dan Leno, on the other hand, he had at Sandringham, and it is on record that the song of the householder whose river in the summer was at the bottom of the garden, and whose garden in the winter was at the bottom of the river, scored greatly with the august audience. Nor is there any reason to doubt the delighted Lauder's story of his delighted listener at Windsor Castle. Edward VII. set an example, not only in liberality of outlook, but in a personal readiness to understand, and participate in, the amusements of his people—an example that George V. is determined to follow.



ENGAGED TO MR. RICHARD STURGIS SEYMOUR: MISS VICTORIA FITZROY.

Miss Fitzroy is the second daughter of the Rev. Lord Charles Fitzroy, of Euston Rectory, Thetford. Mr. Richard Sturgis Seymour, M.V.O., of the British Diplomatic Service, is First Secretary at Berlin.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

THE Command Performance in Edinburgh will be the crowning acknowledgment of a new era for "the Halls." A tacit understanding of their altered status has long existed in the public mind, and in the professional mind more than a tacit understanding. One by one actors connected with the legitimate drama have submitted to the popular will, and to the variety manager's purse-power. Even Mr. Laurence Irving now confesses that the serious drama would be impossible for him if he did not make money in the music-halls; and Sir Herbert Tree, the blooming emblem of the theatre proper, can now behold himself treading the cinematograph film in a hundred haunts of variety entertainment:



ENGAGED TO LORD MOUNT EDGCUMBE'S HEIR: LADY EDITH VILLIERS, WHO IS TO MARRY VISCOUNT VALLETORT.

Lady Edith Villiers is the only daughter of the Earl of Clarendon, and was born in 1878. She has one brother, Lord Hyde. Viscount Valletort, who was born in 1865, is the only son of the Earl of Mount Edgumbe.—[Photograph by Lillie Charles.]

Bulletins by the String.

In June, Westminster Abbey will flash with tiaras; over courts and balls, rich with the colour of Orders and uniforms, will be sprinkled the added brilliance of coloured precious stones. But perhaps the most ornate display of a most ornate year will not excel the scene round the Duchess of Roxburghe's table during her royal dinner-party. For the time being, the dining-room in Chesterfield House was turned into a treasury of pearls and diamonds. Queen and ladies were still, of course, robed in the black so soon to be abandoned, and still they wore none but mourning stones. But diamonds sparkle on black gowns like stars reflected in night seas; and, like stars among gentle ripples, they shine the more for the movement of their wearers.

Mr. Sargent's Sitters.

The picture-galleries are again drawing crowds, and one or two recent private views have been packed with something of the density familiar in "Grosvenor Gallery, greenery-yallery" days. In Pall Mall East, at a more than usually attractive Old Water-Colour Society exhibition, H.R.H. Princess Louise has a screen entirely to herself, and quite a little buzz of admiring conversation greeted her seascape on opening-day. After hers, the drawings most talked about were Mr. Sargent's. The catalogue titles—"Sketching" and "The Garden Wall"—give no clue to the identity of the ladies who are so delightfully portrayed: in "Sketching," under the shade of a parasol; in "The Garden Wall," seated in flower-like silks beside a doorway opening upon an enclosure laden with Italian growths. But such vivid and charming likenesses could not go long unnamed, and both Lady Richmond and Miss Sargent were as readily recognised as the artist's own inimitable brushwork.



THE COUNTESS R. VON POURTALES, WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE A FEW DAYS AGO.

The Countess' father, the Count von Bernstoff, is the German Ambassador at Washington. The wedding took place a few days ago.

Photograph by Topical.

The Edens. At the Alpine Club Gallery, also, the personal note is struck by the amateur. Here, instead of Princess Louise, it is Sir William Eden who, entering into rivalry with the professional painter, gets by no means the worse of the encounter. His landscapes, in their own class, more than hold their own; outside their own class they bump up against Mr. Sargent's all-humiliating genius. But even here Sir William scores: Mr. Sargent's triumph is in a sense his own, for Mr. Sargent's sitter in this case is Sir William's lovely daughter, Lady Brooke. Save in this vital sketch, Lady Brooke has been withdrawn of late from the sight of her friends; only a few weeks ago she gave birth to the second heir to the Warwick Earldom.

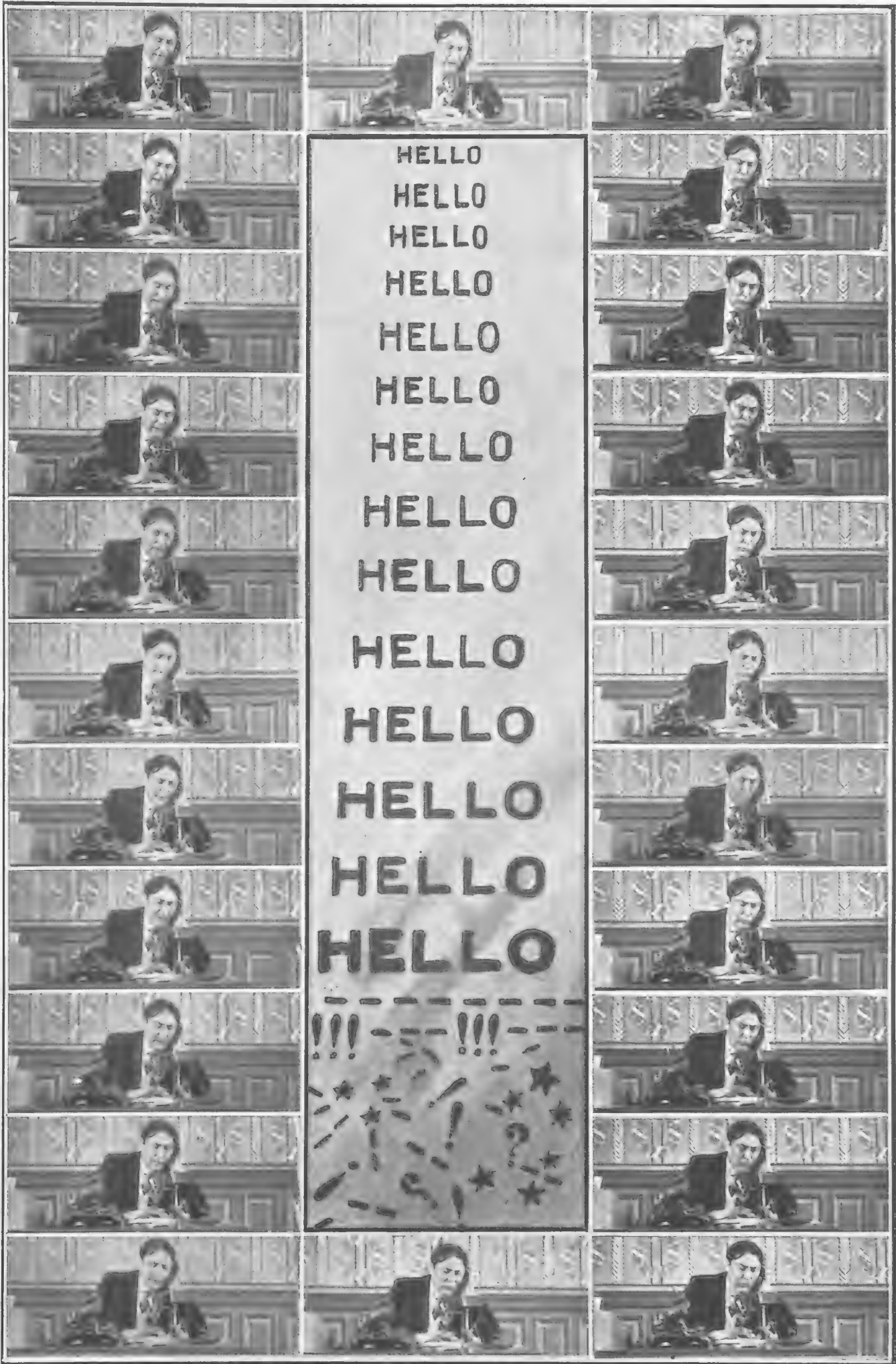


ENGAGED TO BARON KNUT BONDE: MISS GRIZEL ANSTRUTHER.

Miss Anstruther, whose wedding is fixed for the 18th, at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, is the daughter of Col. and Mrs. Anstruther, of Charleton. Baron Knut Bonde is a Secretary in the Swedish Diplomatic Service, and is stationed in Berlin.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

TWENTY - FOUR PHOTOGRAPHS TO ONE "HELLO!"



A "CALL" CINEMATOGRAPHED : FILMS SHOWING THE UTTERANCE OF THE SINGLE WORD "HELLO!"

At such speed does the cinematograph work on occasion that, as may be seen, four-and-twenty photographs may be taken while a man utters a single "Hello!" at the telephone. The order of the photographs is from the top downwards, ending with the centre photograph at the bottom; then from the centre photograph at the top, to the right, and down to the foot of the page.

KEYNOTES

THERE is much to be said for pupils' concerts. Foreign critics assure us that we are a cold-blooded people, quite unable to respond to the proper emotions of any occasion; but, then, foreigners do not attend pupils' concerts, unless, as is rather too often the case, they are the givers of the feast, and the people whom pupils and the parents and friends of pupils have assembled to honour directly or indirectly.

Just as the jaded playgoer, tired of all the fine shades of high-class drama, turns for an evening to one of the works that rejoice in blood and thunder, so the jaded concert-goer may be pardoned if he goes to hear the pupils. They are wholly delightful, perhaps, because, like Siegfried, they have never known fear. You cannot daunt the hero or heroine of the melodrama; they know too well that a fifth act is marching towards them, bringing relief and prosperity hand in hand at the eleventh hour; you cannot daunt the heroes and heroines of the pupils' concerts, for they rely upon their kind friends in front, and know that no criticism is either harsh or violent enough to break butterflies on wheels. We who write listen eagerly for what is good, and take the rest for granted. The others—parents, relatives, friends, old pupils—have come to applaud and not to discriminate. Everybody goes home happy, and this is as it should be. There is trouble enough when one is no longer a pupil; when the violins may sing, but must never squeak, and the tenor must not fail to come within a perceptible fraction of a tone of the high note he seeks to utter; when the soloist in the violin concerto must accommodate himself to the key in which the orchestra is playing, and the pianist must pay strict regard to time and phrasing—when, in short, it is not sufficient to play or sing "nearly well enough." In those harsh days the pronunciation of English, French, German, and Italian will need to be taken seriously, the departure from the platform will need to have some approach to dignity: the parting bow must no longer suggest a sudden and painful seizure of cramp or something still more vulgar. The audience will no longer be waiting to express approval on the least provocation, or on no provocation at all; nor will the conductor of the orchestra stand smiling blandly among the fallen canons of his sacred art. It is well, then, that pupils should have their fling, for they are young; and did not Henri Murger—or was it De Musset?—say, "La jeunesse n'a qu'un jour"? Surely the pupils' concerts should all be given in the spring, when we feel how good it is to be young or to have been young.

One curious point about these entertainments is the high endeavour of those who take part in them. There is no young

soprano, fresh from her classes, who would shrink from any operatic aria that a Melba, a Tetrassini, or a Destinn dare attempt; no tenor or baritone to whom the greatest triumphs of Caruso or Sammarco give pause; while tenors, sopranos, contraltos, baritones and basses alike have taken all oratorio music to be their province. Nor are the instrumentalists more backward. What is good enough for Eugene Ysaÿe and Raoul Pugno and Pablo Casals is good enough for them; their faith moves mountains, with however strange a sound, and demands applause. How odd

to think that in another ten years they will shrink from approaching the music that is faced with such unflinching courage. Now they are prepared to storm Olympus; then they will have started to scale the heights slowly and modestly, well pleased if the lower peaks be won before the evening finds them struggling along the road. It will be a pleasure to remember the time when there were no words like failure, mediocrity, vain endeavour, and the rest of the ugly company in the only language they understood.

And the teachers, those directly responsible for these first happy appearances, what do they think as they come on and make such bows as Mr. Turveydrop himself would

not have found blameworthy? Do they understand the game? Do they enter into the spirit of the occasion, or are they too *blasés*? One would like to think that they look upon the affair as the proper preliminary to the strife through which they themselves have won; that they welcome this brief publicity afforded to their pupils as a little foretaste of the triumphs that may perhaps become the well-earned right of one in ten when the world is a little older. Of course, they would not say; it

is one of the secrets of the profession, and must be well guarded. Their knowledge and their thoughts are esoteric; they have the proper solemnity of augurs; it seems almost wrong to raise questions that must needs remain unanswered.

The long procession of pupils began when none among the living was there to see; it will be passing merrily along when the last among the living has passed beyond the sound of music; and from the ranks of those who pass few will be chosen. For most of the pursuers of fame there can be no reward from their quest; for the successful few there will be unremitting toil and countless disappointments before the goal is reached; and these

troubles will be as signposts along a rough and broken road. It is pleasant then to reflect that there was a moment at the starting of the journey when a full, generous house assembled to wish the travellers well, when no ill-timed criticism came to check high hopes, when the goal seemed to be well-nigh won before it was in sight.

COMMON CHORD.



ON TOUR IN SOUTH AFRICA: MISS ADA REEVE AT DURBAN.

Photograph by the Record Press.



SINGING TO A TRIO OF ACCOMPANISTS: THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.

At the piano is her Majesty's secretary; on the left is M. Enescu, the Roumanian violinist; on the right is M. Dinicu, Roumania's famous 'cellist.

Photograph by E.N.A.

NELL BRINKLEY GIRLS: THE RAGE OF AMERICA.—VI.



"IN SPITE OF HIS MANY MISTAKES, LOVE CONTINUES HIS WORK OF TRYING TO DRIVE MISMATED COUPLES."



"EVERYTHING IS LOVELY AT THE TEA-PARTY UNTIL SOME GIRL GOES BY, AND THEN THE TONGUES BEGIN WAGGING."

A "SKETCH" TRIO.



THE MAN FROM THE BACKWOODS (who has never seen a really big hat): What ever's this? A wigwam?

REGGIE (the man who knows): No; it's only some girl fallen down.

DRAWN BY D. FRANCES WOOD.



THE HOTLY PURSUED PUPPY (which has helped itself to a chop, with exciting, nerve-trying results): Great Scott! I wonder what would have happened if I'd taken a whole sheep!

DRAWN BY HESKETH DAUBENY.



THE FIRST WORKER: Manner born be blowed! D'joo mean ter say if me an' you come into a bit o' splash we couldn't keep our ends up with these 'ere dooks and people?

HIS DOUBTING FRIEND: Oh, we should be orlright; but our missuses 'd give the game away, yer know.

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.

THE WISE CHILD.



THE FIRST BOY (*sent to bed to await chastisement for bad behaviour*): Here's father coming upstairs. I'm going to pretend I'm asleep.

THE SECOND BOY (*in case similar to the first, but wiser*): I'm not; I'm going to get up and put something on.

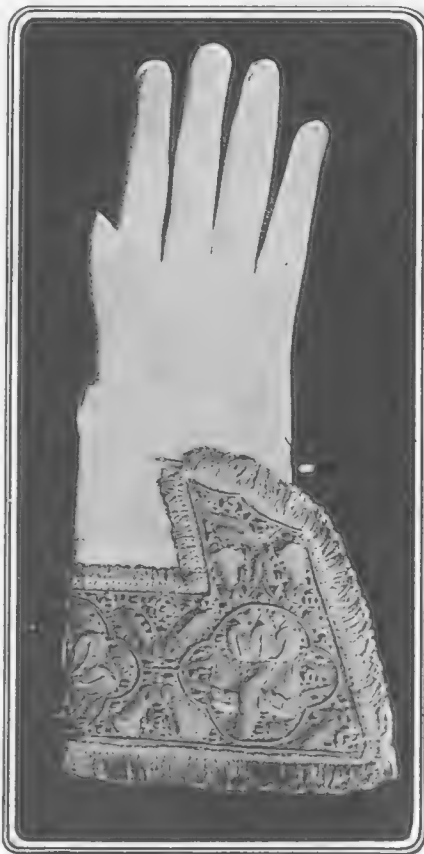
DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

SALOMON BRAZENHEAD, CAPTAIN OF THE HIGH FANTASTICALS.*

OF the brave, braggart army of High Fantasticals, Captain Brazenhead was a mighty fine representative—a prodigious man who thrust greatness upon himself and death into battalions of brother brawlers. As Mr. Hewlett has it, he lived every hour of a terrific span, and died at last in a manner unmatched by any champion of sacred or profane writ. Well he deserves his sobriquet of “the Great.” He “was born greatly, lived greatly, loved greatly, and died greatly. He was great in height, great in girth, great in hair, great in thirst, great in heart; here are enough greats to fill the University of Oxford.” He is presented to us first at Pavia in the year 1402, “scarred, crimson, shining in the face, his hair cropped in the Burgundian mode, moustachios to the ears, holding this kind of discourse to a lank and cavernous warrior, three times his own apparent age, who had proposed . . . before a tavern full of drinkers, to eat him raw. . . . ‘Who eats me chokes, for I am like that succulent that conceals, d’ye see, his spines in youthful bloom. You think you have to do with a stripling: not you, pranking boy, not you. I am a seamed and notch-fingered soldier . . . And you tell me that your green guts can pouch old Leather-tripes, for so they dub me who dare? Foh, you are a bladder, I see!’” Then there was a ding-dong passage of arms of one hundred and thirty seconds, and a fighting-man the less in the world.

In such way did Brazenhead rush and swagger his way through the days and nights that were his, hammering sconces, hacking and slaying, bathing in blood, drinking, and swearing in many tongues, making popes and prelates, counts and cardinals, dukes and dicers tremble at the wag of his finger. The long Italian who soiled his blade at Pavia was “Lisciassangue the exorbitant, assassin to the Duke of Milan, one of a Mystery of Three.” He forced description of the dead from those about him. “They spoke with hands and eyes and voices. Captain Brazenhead, a sword to the good, listened and learned. To the ready reckoner he was, the amounts were soon cast up. If there were in Milan twenty-nine churches, thirty convents of religion, and seven-and-thirty jails all full; if there were no penalty in the code but that of death; and if it were true that the Duke, feeling the cares of his lands, the needs of his subjects, and his own advancing years, had relaxed his personal activities and now did his justice by deputy, then it was most certain that the Mystery of Three could not afford to lose the services of Lisciassangue—no, nor Duke Galeazzo either. His Grace’s condition was indeed deplorable, robbed of one-third of his assassins.” Thus he decided, and bluffed himself to the post of Third Murderer to the



CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD: THE GLOVE THROWN DOWN IN WESTMINSTER HALL BY THE CHAMPION, AT THE CORONATION OF GEORGE III.

The glove, which is exquisitely embroidered in gold thread and coloured silks, is on view at the Georgian Gallery. It is the property of a descendant of the Dymokes, the King’s Champions. The banquet after the Coronation having been abolished, the services of the King’s Champion are no longer called upon. In other days, clad in glittering armour, he rode into the Hall, and there, throwing down his glove, thrice challenged all disputing the right of the King to reign. His post is still held by the Dymokes as Lords of the Manor of Scrivelsby.

By Courtesy of the Georgian Gallery, King Street, S.W.

Duke of Milan—“comfortable quarters and free table, a livery all of red, with a mask for business purposes, flattering attentions from lackeys of all sorts, partnership with two such ruffians, Camus and Gelsomino, as never, even in his experience, had tainted the air before.” But he was not a good executioner. He could not kill an unarmed prisoner, and when he dealt with a captive Burgundian in a tunnel, Lo Spagna, the one-armed, Squarcialupo, the old in sin, the nameless Egyptian in the well of Santa Chiara, he met them on level ground, unfettering them, giving them choice of weapons, and in the case of Lo Spagna, battling with his right arm bound. He was soft-hearted, too, and memories of the past made him merciful, even to the hiding away and nourishing of his master’s condemned.

He was happier when there came a mist of glory into his eyes and he saw himself in the shadows, conqueror of Pavia, Milan, Venice, and Rome; when, armed with the thigh-bone of the philosopher Gnatho of Samothrace, who had devoted his life to demonstrating the indestructibility of matter, he, with a Bilboan, and ten of Visconti’s bodyguard, faced three hundred Anabaptists, fanatics stung by terror into frenzy, driving them from the Tyrant’s presence. Happier, too, when for exquisite reasons he abdicated the throne of Milan.

Trouble was his again when fate willed it that he should play the “Count of Picpus,” take to himself a Countess of Picpus, in the person of the fair Nicole, la Grâce-de-Dieu, serving-maid at the Stag, in Bordeaux, pose, talk, cut, and levy his way to Toulouse, a prison, and a romantic mission. Less trouble, but no less strife when he made pilgrimage to Canterbury and Saint Thomas of Canterbury—as “Deputy-Constable of All England, under Letters Patent of the Captain of Kent”—Jack Cade.

In death he was wonderful. He went a journey for my Lady Say, and came to the “terrible stranger of Bordeaux who called himself Count of Picpus.” He found him the very image of what he had been, claiming the deeds he had done, calling him impostor. The two fought—silently, madly. Twice Brazenhead howled like a wounded wolf—and a third time. “Raising then his sword-arm . . . he stumbled forward heavily upon the blade of the other man, and thrust his own blade with all his might clean through his breast-bone. The stricken heroes, mortally wounded, stood, each propped by the other, staring upon the work they had done—then swaying sideways, now this way, now that, sideways fell, and lay in death.”

“Thus fell Salomon Brazenhead the Great . . . never beaten in the field, but now in this last struggle . . . none but his own youth, it appears, could have slain him, nor any slain his own youth but himself.”



ABOUT TO FLY FOR THE “ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS”: MR. C. FLEMING WILLIAMS, THE ARTIST, ON A BRISTOL BIPLANE.

Mr. C. Fleming Williams, special artist of the “Illustrated London News,” has been flying for that paper and sketching while in flight, to prove the value of the aeroplane for military observation purposes. He was able to draw and write with comparative ease. The sketches he made are reproduced in facsimile in last Saturday’s “Illustrated London News.” Mr. Fleming Williams is here shown sitting behind the pilot whose passenger he was, M. Tétard.—[Photograph by Topical.]

* “Brazenhead the Great.” By Maurice Hewlett. (Smith, Elder. Co.)

PATENT 120 GERRARD.



THE NEW MAGNETIC LIFE-SAVING DEVICE AT WORK ON THE HIGH SEAS.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

GOOD INTENTIONS.

By EDWIN PUGH.

BEECHWOOD is married, intensely married. But there is an excuse for him. Her name is Peggy, and she is his wife. She is perfect; or, if not perfect, the perfection of charming imperfections. It is understood, generally, that this marriage has blighted my life. That sort of thing makes a man feel older than he looks. I do not mind. That is to say, I should not mind if only Beechwood would let me alone. But he does not seem to see why he should.

The other day, for instance, I was talking to Wickham. We were at the club. Suddenly Beechwood loomed upon us. He thrust himself into the conversation. And perhaps I was a bit peevish.

"Never mind, old chap," he said, quite irrelevantly, "no doubt you will find your affinity some day." And he patted me on the shoulder.

"Which of us do you mean?" asked Wickham, who affects misogyny and had not seen the caress.

"Both of you," said Beechwood genially.

"If both of us find my affinity there will be trouble," said I.

He smiled with insufferable benevolence. "By the way," he said, "I saw you yesterday—with your aunt."

"You don't know the lady, evidently," I said. (She really was my aunt, but I dissembled.)

"I thought she was your aunt," he said. "She looked like an aunt."

"Her name——" said I. "But never mind. She is a rich widow."

Beechwood regarded me doubtfully. Wickham, falling into my trap, winked at him.

"Surely——" exclaimed Beechwood, looking aghast. He deliberated. "The only excuse for marriage is—Love," he said trenchantly.

"But money," I retorted, "is a justification."

"Our friend Gill is getting to be a profound cynic, you see," observed Wickham.

"A cynic," I remarked, "is never profound." (Is anyone a cynic after twenty?)

"Well, perhaps you're not profound exactly," Beechwood conceded. "But I really dropped in to ask you to dine with us to-morrow, that's all. Peggy is dying to see you again. She hears so much about you, you see, one way and another."

"What does she hear?" I inquired, rather startled.

"Only what I tell her. Not the truth," he assured me.

So I went. Beechwood called for me at the office. We journeyed up on the Tube.

"Wonderful invention!" he said, puffing at his cigar.

"Marriage?" I queried.

"No, no! The Tube." He laughed. "What made you think I meant marriage?"

"You usually do mean marriage," said I.

"I wish you would settle down," he sighed. "Look what a useless life yours is."

"It's useful to me," I protested.

"Always bored——"

"I have married friends."

"Never content. Nobody to care a button about you."

"Come," said I. "You don't know that. My landlady——"

"What is a landlady compared with a wife?"

"My landlady is a wife."

"But not yours."

"Is that her fault?"

He gazed at me, alarmed. "Surely," he said, "she was not the lady I saw you with yesterday?"

"Do rich widows take in lodgers?"

"N-no. . . Not paying lodgers, anyhow," he admitted.

We alighted at Shepherd's Bush and went our way toward Bedford Park.

"I say, old chap," said Beechwood. "I believe I've hit on the very girl for you."

"Yes, you have," said I, "and married her."

He was grave. "Of course," he said, "there isn't Peggy's equal in the world."

"And yet," I reminded him, "you are always advising me to marry a girl like her."

"I mean well," he said humbly.

"Yes," I assented; "you mean well. But I haven't forgotten the fable of the fox who lost his tail in a trap and tried to persuade all the other foxes to get rid of their brushes, too."

"After all, it is a fable," he laughed. Presently he said, "You remember that girl at the last club dance?"

"Which girl?"

"The girl you liked so."

"No, I don't remember her," said I. "I remember——"

"You'll meet her this evening."

I flung grammar to the winds. "Meet who?"

"Miss Pyle."

"Don't know her."

"You danced with her three times."

"If to dance with a girl is to know her——"

"She remembers you. Often talks about you to Peggy. Thinks you no end clever, and all that. Perhaps I oughtn't to mention it."

"Go on," said I, forcing an appearance of interest.

"No," said he perversely. "I see now. I ought to have kept my mouth shut."

We arrived at the house. Mrs. Beechwood greeted me with a matronly ease of manner that, considering all things, was slightly ridiculous.

"Let me introduce you to Miss Pyle," she cooed. "Ah, how stupid of me! I forgot you were quite old friends."

I bowed to a girl with fluffy hair, whom I did not recollect ever to have seen before. I wondered what the Beechwoods meant by it. Then I felt that I knew very well. Still, one is always a gentleman.

"It was rather a jolly function, wasn't it?" said I.

"Function?" Her eyebrows climbed her forehead.

"That last club dance."

"You were there?"

I stared at her. "I danced with you three times, you know," said I.

"Did you?" she said. "One forgets."

I glared across at Beechwood savagely. If this were his notion of humour——!

We sat down to dinner. There were just we four. The Beechwoods did most of the talking. When the two ladies had withdrawn I asked Beechwood plainly what the devil he meant by it.

"Have a cigar," he said. "I'm sorry."

"So you ought to be," I said.

"I don't mean I'm sorry about you," he rejoined coolly; "I'm sorry about her."

"Confound her!" I cried.

"You see," he went on, "I'm afraid I was a little indiscreet before dinner."

"It might have been worse. It might have been after dinner."

"As a matter of fact, old chap," said Beechwood, betraying embarrassment, "Miss Pyle is—hang it all!—one can't say it. You understand?"

"You are always so lucid. I understand that she thinks me an impertinent ass. I don't believe I danced with her at all at that 'hop.' Anyhow, she'd clean forgotten me."

"Did she say so?" He reflected. "Of course she would say so."

"She was rude about it. Tried to snub me."

Beechwood looked puzzled. "You have your vices, I know," he said; "but I never thought modesty was one of them. Man, are you blind?" He rose hurriedly and paced the floor. "Gill, old chap," he said, "you really ought not to, you know. It isn't fair."

"What isn't fair?"

[Continued overleaf.]

CONTROLLED BY A "CLOCHE": THE SIMPLE MONOPLANE.



ONE of the most ingenious features of the Blériot is undoubtedly the method of controlling the machine; and simple though it may look to the casual observer, it has been evolved only after long study and countless hairbreadth escapes. The first great ideal sought after in aeroplane-management is to concentrate the control in a single yet simple apparatus; and when we consider that a flying-machine has to be balanced, steered

(Continued opposite.)

(Continued.)

right and left, and up and down, and that the engine has also to be regulated, it is evident that it is very difficult to bring all these functions together without causing great confusion. By his *cloche*, or bell system of control, M. Blériot has solved the difficulty most skilfully. In front of the pilot is a column surmounted by a fixed wheel which serves as a handle. This column terminates in a bell-shaped base which

(Continued below.)

1. STEERING TO THE RIGHT: THE RIGHT PEDAL IS PUSHED, AND THE CLOCHE IS MOVED TO THE RIGHT TO WORK THE STABILISERS IN UNISON.

2. STEERING TO THE LEFT: THE LEFT PEDAL ACTUATES THE RUDDER, AND THE CLOCHE IS INCLINED TO THE LEFT.

3. TO ASCEND: THE CLOCHE IS DRAWN UPWARDS TOWARDS THE OPERATOR.

4. TO STEER A STRAIGHT COURSE: THE CLOCHE IS KEPT VERTICAL.

5. TO DESCEND: THE CLOCHE IS PUSHED DOWNWARDS FROM THE PILOT.

(Continued.) surrounds the pivot on which the column is mounted. The pivot allows of movement of the column in any direction. Cables run from the *cloche* to the various organs of control. Right and left the cables actuate the wing-flexing device underneath the main plane and thus serve to restore the balance of the aeroplane if it has been disturbed. Fore and aft are two other cables (not clearly seen in the illustrations), which lead from the *cloche* to the elevator on the tail of the monoplane. Underneath the hand-wheel are the engine-control levers. At the pilot's feet are pedals from which cables lead to the rudders for side-steering. Detail arrangements differ in various machines, but the main system of control is unchanged. All the movements are those which would naturally suggest themselves in an emergency. Thus, to elevate the aeroplane the column must be pulled backwards and upwards as in Figure 3; to steer downwards it is pushed forwards and downwards as in Figure 5. In side-steering the stabilising cables are worked in unison with the pedals which control the rudder. In turning to the right the pedal is pushed by the right foot, and the *cloche* is inclined to the right. For left steering the movements are to the left. But where it happens that a gust of wind tends to make the machine fall on the right side, the pilot then instinctively turns the *cloche* to the left, thus causing the stabilisers to check the inclination of the machine in that direction.

"That trick of yours. That way you have of looking at a woman as if she were the only one of her sex in the world." He rumbled his hair. "Now I've been and done it! For the Lord's sake, don't let Peggy know I've given her away."

"Do you mean that Miss Pyle is in love with me?" I asked him.

"I don't wonder you are surprised," said he.

"All I can say is, she has an odd way of showing it."

"That's not her way of showing it—that's her way of concealing it. Women are like that."

I was a good deal astonished, but not displeased. Of course, it was rough on Miss Pyle. I should have to disabuse her mind somehow.

When we entered the drawing-room, Mrs. Beechwood was playing the piano. Beechwood went and stood beside her and trifled with the music. There was nothing for me to do but to talk to Miss Pyle.

"Mr. Gill," said she, "I hope you didn't think me rude. I did remember you, really."

She was flushed and eager. How extremely sorry I felt!

"You see," said I, "I remembered you so well."

"But why should you?" she inquired.

That was an embarrassing question. I involved my wits in a florid compliment that ended in a long-drawn stammer.

"Sit down," she said nervously. "Let us talk."

We talked. She was rather a bright girl, and despite the agitation into which my proximity naturally threw her, we got on very well together after a while.

Toward midnight we broke up. Miss Pyle was sleeping in the house. I shook hands with Beechwood on the doorstep.

"See you at the next club dance?" said he. I nodded.

"She'll be there," he informed me.

"Ah!" said I. "It will be a nuisance."

"Rather pretty, don't you think?"

"Not quite my style," said I.

"Bless your sweet complacency!" he said, laughing. And so we parted.

The cruel work of disabusing Miss Pyle's mind could not begin too soon. Accordingly, I went to the dance.

I stood in the doorway and looked about me. Instantly I espied Miss Pyle, waltzing with a fellow who obviously could never make any woman happy. The stewards marked me down, nodded, and were fairly humble.

The waltz ended. Miss Pyle promenaded the room with her partner. I carefully avoided her gaze.

"Here you are, then!" said Mrs. Beechwood's voice in my ear.

"Agatha—Miss Pyle—here?"

"Yes," said I. "I haven't spoken to her yet."

"Has she seen you, do you think?"

"I'm sure she hasn't," said I.

"You've been watching her pretty closely, then?"

I denied this. I explained that I had purposely evaded meeting Miss Pyle's eyes. But women do not seem to understand that a man of the world can keep a person under close observation without betraying the fact to that person. Mrs. Beechwood laughed, and left me to join Miss Pyle. It was a bit dull. An hour passed. And still Miss Pyle had not seen me, though once or twice we were almost face to face. Or was it that she would not see me? Was it that she fought against fostering a hopeless passion by intercourse with its object? I would gladly have bestowed myself upon another partner for the evening, and kindly killed poor Miss Pyle that way. But there happened to be an absurd preponderance of men.

At last I could stand it no longer. Obeying a signal from Mrs. Beechwood, who was sitting out, I marched across the room and joined her. As I reached her side Miss Pyle emerged from the shelter of some hangings close by. She blushed at sight of me. For a brief space the very soul of the woman seemed to look out of her eyes. Then she recovered herself.

"I'll leave you two together, if you don't mind," said Mrs. Beechwood, rising. She turned to me. "You won't seem so dreadfully out of it now, Mr. Gill, with the prettiest girl in the room to amuse," she said.

And she tripped away with an arch smile. It seemed to me she was not acting wisely.

"Please," said Miss Pyle, "don't let me keep you." She was in a flutter. Her breathing was spasmodic. Her whole demeanour expressed distress. "Mrs. Beechwood is very managing," she said, laughing almost fretfully. "I wish——"

There was nothing for me to do but crave the favour of a dance with her.

"I haven't a waltz left," she said, showing me her programme.

But the next number was a square dance. She had not joined a set, apparently.

"We will talk, then," said I, and sat down beside her.

After all, why should I not give her a few moments' pleasure before slaying her young hopes? I glanced at her. Her cheek had a velvety bloom that was alluring. I had ample opportunity to study it, for she showed me only her profile.

"Do you often come to these dances?" I inquired.

"I shall never come to another," she said passionately. I understood.

"The people are rather nice, though."

"There are certainly some very pretty girls here," she said.

"Yes?" I queried indifferently.

"But there are," she repeated, with unnecessary earnestness.

"Don't you admire Miss Wickham, for instance? The Wickhams are very old friends of yours, aren't they?"

"I know her brother," I answered.

"Isn't it true, then? Am I not to congratulate you? Mrs. Beechwood gave me to understand——" She was confused. So was I. It was true that the name of Wickham's sister was sometimes coupled with mine, but quite unjustifiably. I felt I ought to accept the way of escape Miss Pyle offered. But I perceived the motive underlying her faltering words, and I could not do the callous thing.

"Rumour is a lying jade, Miss Pyle."

"Sometimes—surely—she speaks the truth?"

How valiantly women hide their scars!

"There never was any foundation——" I assured her.

"I had hoped there was," said she. "Most people admire her extremely."

Her voice quavered. She gazed apprehensively about the room. Doubtless, the whole conversation was an intolerable blend of delight and torment to her. My heart thrilled with pity, with admiration for her pluck.

"Some day, I suppose, there will be a true rumour about me," I remarked.

"Yes," she said nervously. "Oh, I hope so! When you are a little older. Some strong, helpful woman with ideals. Not a Society butterfly"—she smiled drearily—"like me."

"If she were like you——" I began, and paused.

"She won't be," said Miss Pyle quickly.

"One so seldom marries the woman one wants to," said I, thinking of Mrs. Beechwood.

"And how much better that is for one, isn't it?"

This rejoinder hardly pleased me. It was so disingenuous.

"How do you mean, Miss Pyle?"

"I mean that the object of our first love is so rarely the person to make us truly happy."

I remembered that this was her third season.

"First love is the only love," said I.

"No," said she.

"Yes," I insisted. It was no time for mawkish scruples.

"Mr. Gill," she cried, "believe me, you are too young yet to know what is best for your own welfare."

I was nettled. "I think," said I, "I know what is best for me. I am older than I look. When my time comes——"

"That will not be yet."

"I think not," I said firmly.

As I uttered those words I had a dread expectation of some tragic sigh from her; but she was strangely calm. It almost seemed to me that a light of relief—the relief of the tortured soul at hearing sentence of death—leaped into her eyes.

"Mr. Gill," she said abruptly, "I've a mind to be honest with you. You may think all sorts of things. I can't help it. I mean that I have enough confidence in your good sense to believe that you won't think me unwomanly or immodest in saying what I propose to say."

I rose in great agitation. "Miss Pyle," I cried. "Pause! Reflect! Don't speak yet. You may save us both much pain."

"Nonsense!" she said sharply.

I was surprised at her tone, and a little affronted. "I beg your pardon," said I. "Go on."

"I'm afraid there's some misunderstanding between us," she said. "At least, I fancy I understand. But you don't."

I stared at her.

"Mrs. Beechwood has told you something about me?"

"No!"

"Mr. Beechwood, then? Somebody?"

"Yes."

"What have they told you? Never mind. I believe I know. They have told you that I am in love with you."

"They were mistaken!" I cried, still willing to spare her.

"Of course they were," she responded.

Then I, too, understood. A bitterness of humiliation flooded my soul. I had no words. I hung my head.

Suddenly Miss Pyle began to laugh, not unkindly. I felt too sick even to smile. My very body was blushing. What an unspeakable fool I had made of myself. At last I ventured to steal a glance at my companion. Her eyes twinkled whimsically. "Come, Mr. Gill," she said. And then my own sense of humour came gaily to my rescue. I uttered a rueful titter.

"Now that's friendly," she said. "I think you deserve a waltz for that."

"But the other man?"

"I forged him. In self-defence. There is no other man."

(The saying seemed to have a virtue of prophecy when I recalled it a month or two later.)

We stood up to dance.

THE END.



By HENRY LEACH.

Golf Consuls' Reports.

There is a time in every year when some of us look forward with keen pleasure to the appearance of the golf annuals, and they have just arrived for the present season. Nominally they are books of reference; but golfers who really understand them know that they are books of entertainment. In particular it is interesting to consider the further extension of the game every year, and to examine the reports that come in from our golf consuls overseas and at the furthestmost outposts of the empire. Each year one is more and more impressed with the magnitude of the game, the intrepidity of the golfing pioneers in far-away lands, and their unquenchable enthusiasm for the game. Men of the Anglo-Saxon strain no sooner arrive in a new country than they make a few holes four and a quarter inches in diameter, mark out some places as teeing-grounds, and formally adopt the rules as passed by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews in 1908, and revised at various times since then.

Turkish Delights. Glancing, then, over these reports of our consuls or secretaries as I find them in "Nisbet's" (which is much better and bigger this year than ever before), one discovers statements that are new and peculiar. Our representative, as we may call him, at Constantinople (who is really in the British Embassy there—Mr. H. C. Honey) gives us some more particulars concerning the game at the one place in Turkey where it is played, which is on the Okmaidan, a large open space just outside the Turkish-quarter of Kassim Pasha. This place, he says, is largely used for drilling soldiers, and "is a favourite resort of Jews on Saturdays, Greeks on Sundays, and Turks on Fridays. The course has no pretensions to being scientifically laid out; the club has no rights there, and only sufficient funds to keep two men to roll the greens." But it is something, surely, to play golf at all in Constantinople. I had a note from a friend there once, in which, supplementing, as it were, the statement of the golf consul, he said that Turkish ladies, closely veiled, sat

and the Marmora, with Mount Olympus in the distance, is a most splendid thing.

At Aden and Fiji. There is a course at Aden; but I think the golf consul at this station was a little off his game, and perhaps liverish to boot, when he sent in his report, because it is the most pessimistic thing of its kind I have ever read. He says nothing against his course, certainly, except that it "is entirely over sand, and the going very heavy and bad, except after much rolling"; but many things to deter me from landing at Aden for a round the next time my ship sails that way. He says, "No visitors come to Aden"; and then he adds, "If one should come he could play if brought by a member." But to this he tacks on the information that "there are no good hotels in Aden," and when he mentions one, says that it is the "least bad." Finally, there is Sunday play, with caddies, "if the caddies desire it." We need to start a championship, or something of the kind, at Aden; the golf there wants stirring up. The reports from everywhere are interesting. It is to be observed that they are claiming for their ninth, or "Crater," hole at Adelaide, in Australia, that it is considered "one of the finest holes in the world." At Valparaiso, in Chili, they are just at the present time opening a new course; at Lambton, in Canada, they have an electric-lighted, nine-hole putting course; and so on. But one of the statements that interests me most is that of our representative in the Fiji Islands. He describes a plant that they have there which ought to be imported here at once if it can stand our climate. He says, "One of the features of the course, which is perhaps unique, is the large number of patches of sensitive plant, *mimosa pudica*, cultivated largely in Fiji for grazing purposes. These provide excellent hazards. A ball played into one of these patches off the course causes the leaves of the plant to droop and close immediately where it has touched the plants, thus materially assisting the erring golfer in tracing his ball. Assistance in this respect thus provided by



TO BE WON OUTRIGHT BY THE WINNER OF THE ITALIAN AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: THE SILVER TROPHY.

The trophy is the gift of Mr. A. Imbert, a member of the Rome Golf Club, and will become the property of the winner of the Italian Amateur Championship, play for which is to begin at Rome on April 18. Several prominent English players are to compete. Without its pedestal, the cup is 18 inches high.



THE ROME GOLF CLUB AT ACQUA SANTA, ON THE CAMPAGNA: THE CURIOUSLY INTERESTING CLUB-HOUSE.

The Rome Golf Club's links are near Acqua Santa Station, some two and a half miles from Rome. The course is over 3000 yards long; the longest hole is 475 yards; the shortest, 121 yards. There are various natural hazards. "The lies through the green," says "Nisbet's," "are good, but pulled and sliced balls are severely punished."



SET AMIDST 'OFT-PAINTED TREES: NEAR THE 7TH GREEN ON THE LINKS OF THE ROME GOLF CLUB.

The two umbrella pines seen in the photograph have been painted many times. On the right are the ruins of the Claudian Aqueduct; while that on the left, constructed by Pope Sixtus V. in the sixteenth century, still brings water into Rome from the Tusculum Hills, some four-and-twenty miles away.

THE ANCIENT GAME IN THE ETERNAL CITY: THE ROME GOLF CLUB.

upon the putting-greens on most days, and it was sometimes a little difficult to persuade them to depart. He said those putting-greens were really very good, and he agrees with the consul that the view from the course, over Constantinople, the Golden Horn,

Nature is greatly appreciated. Balls are not easy to obtain and are expensive in Fiji." The *mimosa pudica* does indeed seem to be a great improvement on ordinary long grass, ferns, heather, and the like, which only aggravate and never help.

WORLD'S WHISPERS

LORD LONDONDERRY returned to Londonderry House on Monday the 3rd, just after the man with the census-paper had made his round. And Lord Londonderry returned to a neighbourhood lacking no end of "heads." No. 35, Grosvenor Square was without the Duke of Somerset; Lord Londonderry left him, with a thousand more, in the South of France. In some streets, one house in every five seemed to be without its master, but since title and income do not make a man more significant from the point of view of the census, the absence of a Duke was of no more or less moment than the absence of a dustman. Only under the heading of "Occupation" will the



HEIR TO THE MISSING ARCHDUKE'S £160,000: THE ARCHDUKE JOSEPH FERDINAND OF AUSTRIA.

A few days ago the period expired for the notification of proofs that "Johann Orth," the missing Archduke Johann Salvator, was alive, and an application has been filed for his Imperial Highness's death to be officially recognised, that his estate may be distributed according to his will. It will be remembered that he is supposed to have been lost twenty-one years ago on the steamer "Santa Margherita." His fortune amounts to about £160,000. The heir is his nephew, the Archduke Joseph Ferdinand.

Quilter were, unlike crowds of their country-folk they left in Egypt, able to fill in the forms.

An Engagement. Many circles, including Royal and Presidential households, are interested in the engagement of the Rev. F. Percival Farrar, Domestic Chaplain to the King, and Miss Nora Davis. Mr. Richard Harding Davis, the lady's brother, knows most of the people who have made, and led in, recent wars. He was made an intimate of both armies in South Africa; he has wielded the reporter's pencil in Cuba, in Paris, in London; he has devoted a book to his English cousins. Now he is to have an English brother-in-law, and will, in the having, probably write a novel, or a history, round the wars of the ritualists. Miss Davis shares all her brother's talents, but keeps them under cover, instead of in the line of fire.

Reversion from Type. The Services and the Church are both heavily represented on the list of impending marriages. The Marines are telling each other that Captain Allan Prynne, a popular officer of H.M.S. *Defence*, is to be married to Miss Jeannette Crosse in the first week in May; the Rifle Brigade hands over Mr. H. Mowbray

Howard to Miss Millicent James on June 1, and for the two weeks following Easter a constant stream of potential Generals and Admirals will lead their ladies to the altar. Captain Prynne, by the way, belongs to the family that produced the stalwart

Prynne of Restoration days, who lost his ears and suffered all sorts of punishments for his fearless pamphlets against stage-plays, and indirectly against the Court of his time. The result is that Captain Prynne has never written a pamphlet, and is, besides, an admirable amateur actor!



WINNER OF THE MILITARY SINGLES RACQUETS CHAMPIONSHIP: CAPTAIN A. C. G. LUTHER.

Captain Luther, of the 2nd Battalion, the King's Own (Yorkshire Light Infantry), beat Captain H. A. Richmond, of the Gloucestershire Regiment, by three games to one.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

The Centenarian. Mr. W. Gordon Hake, who has notched ten years more

than the Duke of Grafton, and sprung into the Press because of his century, has other claims upon our memory. He was the close friend of his cousin, General Gordon; and his name is writ large in literary memoirs of the nineteenth century. Of Thomas Gordon Hake's poetry Rossetti wrote at much length and in great admiration; and his "Memoirs of Eighty Years"

speaks in its title of longevity that at one time promised to match his brother's. He lived long enough, as is testified by his poem on a widower's imaginary celebration of his golden wedding, to taste some of the bitterness of the old age that is held to be fit matter for congratulation.

The Hakes

and the Rossettis were for many years on terms of close friendship. Of a younger generation is the author, Mr. A. E. Hake, whose books include two on aspects of General Gordon's career.



THE ENGLISH AMATEUR CHAMPION BILLIARD-PLAYER: MR. HARRY VIRR.

Mr. Virr, English amateur champion, and Major Fleming, Scottish amateur champion, started upon the final day's play at the Antient Concert Rooms, Dublin, with Mr. Virr (in play) 2501, and Major Fleming, 2307. The final scores were: Mr. Virr, 3000; Major Fleming, 2716. On the day in question Mr. Virr's best breaks were 102 and 133, all but ten off the red.

Photograph by Lafayette.



MRS. EDNA GOODRICH GOODWIN, FOURTH WIFE OF THE WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN ACTOR, MR. NAT GOODWIN.

It is reported that Mr. Nat Goodwin has been divorced in New York by Miss Edna Goodrich, who was his fourth wife. It is also stated that, by the terms of the decree, he is forbidden to marry again. This, it may be noted, means nothing, or at most twopence halfpenny, for with that sum it is possible to evade the law of New York City by crossing the river to New Jersey. Recently, Mr. Goodwin wrote a special article for a New York paper entitled, "Why I married the four most beautiful women in the world."—[Photograph by Fleet Agency.]

Quayle, a Query? Greeba Castle may well prick up its ears—or turrets—at the story of the £32,000 awaiting the Manxman who can prove his relationship to the late Mr. Christian, U.S.A. But Mr. Hall Caine has already reaped the reward of his Christian, and will be more than content to help in the search for the deceased gentleman's humble relatives. Their name, it is said, is Quayle, and Quayle is a name that Mr. Caine will be one of the first to associate with the island.

The Royal Borough. Most things in Kensington appeal to Queen Mary, and even Kensington cripples appeal to her sympathies as no others can. From the windows of the Palace they have been seen for many years upon their Sunday expedition in the gardens—the only sorry sight in view: a strange, mangled, struggling, straggling, but always cheerful crowd. Stevenson, after his visit to the lepers, called them "the butt-ends of human beings"; it would need a Stevenson to find a phrase for these twisted forms, but Queen Mary's "my cripples" is a tenderer name than any a man could give them.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

Light, Better Light. Where not money but comfort and convenience are the first considerations, the motor-car owner is prone to consider methods of providing illumination for his car which will relieve him or his chauffeur of the nastiness and messiness of acetylene and oil. In this, as in every other requirement of civilised life, that clean handmaiden Electricity is being laid under contribution, and accordingly many systems of electric lighting for motor-cars are being put before the public. Few or no mistakes can be made in purchasing an acetylene or oil installation, but the same cannot be said with regard to an electric-light plant when it is desired to be free of the nuisance of charging accumulators from an outside source. In this connection, therefore, I would commend the "Leitner" system to the attention of my readers—for the reason that it is the production of an electrical engineer of acknowledged standing, who thoroughly grasps the essential requirements in respect to simplicity, efficiency, and performance. In this system the source of the current is the Leitner dynamo, which is small, light, simple, and cheap, has one moving part only—the armature, and is electrically regulated, to the displacement of mechanical or electro-mechanical regulators, which are prone to trouble. In the Leitner system, as the dynamo does most of the work, the battery required is comparatively small. There is also an automatic switch which preserves the battery from all harm. The sole concessionaires for the Leitner system are the Rotax Motor Accessories Co., 43-45, Great Eastern Street, E.C.

Reacting Improvements. Aviation as we have it to-day must admit a heavy debt to automobilism in having forced on the improvement of the internal-combustion engine to a point at which, in the form originally used by the Brothers Wright, it became possible as an aviation motor. The gradual reduction in weight per horse-power of the modern internal-combustion engine as used for motor-car propulsion is one of the greatest triumphs of modern engineering, without which the huge crowds

detail, have been imposed upon the aero-engineers by the various phases of the aviation problem. A further reduction in weight and absolute reliability in standing up against a continuous and unvarying load are the two features which have most influenced the designer.

Rotary Engines Not for Cars. It is confidently expected that the science of aviation will in part repay its debt to automobile engineering by influencing the future work of the automobile-engine designer in the light of the improvements referred to in the foregoing note. The manner in which this

may be effected is most ably, and I had almost written prophetically, indicated by the editor of the *Aero*, writing in the columns of the *Autocar*. It is not at all likely that the rotating type of motor, such as the much-discussed Gnome, will take the place of the fixed engine for motor-car propulsion; but weight may be reduced and space economised by adopting some of the features of the inclined multi-cylinder engines as to disposition and construction. In the matter of arrangement, Mr. Royce's eight-cylinder engine may be recalled, and it would be interesting to know just why so eminent and successful an engineer dropped this arrangement, after making only a few motors, in favour of the six-cylinder line ahead. Where Mr. Royce would appear to have halted, the

Wolseley Tool and Motor Company have pressed on, as witness their 120-h.p. eight-cylinder aero-engine shown lately at Olympia.

Rough on Tyres. When a tyre-manufacturer permits his tyres to be used on super-powerful motor-bicycles he may be esteemed to have real confidence in his own productions. To no such punishing work is a poor pneumatic tyre (compounded not of hardened steel, as one would think it ought to be, but of textile fabric and rubber) put as when it serves on the driving-wheel of a racing bicycle, and is, moreover, used on the trying surface of the Brooklands Track. At one of the recent meetings at Weybridge, Mr. O. C. Godfrey won an 8½ miles' handicap from



A PIONEER OF THE TORPEDO BODY: THE JENATZY ELECTRIC AUTOMOBILE OF 1898.

The Jenatzy "voiture électrique," produced in 1898 by Messrs. Rheims and Auscher, and made of aluminium, was one of the first cars to break away from the tradition of the horse-drawn carriage in the matter of body-building, and to point the way to the developments of the future. In 1899 it beat the then world's record for speed.



THE EARLIEST ANCESTOR OF THE MOTOR-CAR: THE CUGNOT STEAM-DRAY OF 1780.

The Cugnot steam-drail, built in 1780, is regarded, at any rate in France, as the first automobile, or self-propelling vehicle, ever placed upon the road. It is now in the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers.

Photographs by Carrossière-Rothschila.



THE EVOLUTION OF THE MOTOR-CAR FROM THE VICTORIA: THE "MANCELLE" OF AMÉDÉE BOLLÉE, 1878.

The "Mancelle," constructed by M. Amédée Bollée senior, in 1878, shows an early stage of the development of the old horse carriage into the modern motor-car. It consists practically of a victoria placed between the steam-generating apparatus and the steering-gear.

gathered at Thames-side on April 1 would have been without a concomitant excitement at the Boat-Race in the shape of the sight of six aeroplanes hovering over the crews as they urged their watery way between Putney and Mortlake. True it is that the aero-engines now depart in many particulars from the car-engines from which they sprang, but these divergences, which are chiefly in

scratch against a dozen competitors, riding a 7 h.p. "Indian" motor-cycle shod with Continental tyres. In getting through his field Mr. Godfrey achieved the remarkable speed of 70 miles per hour, and his win not only testifies to the excellence of his machine and the staunchness of his tyres, but to the extraordinary efficiency of the latter in transmitting the drive from the rim to the ground.

[Continued on a later page.]

CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

Easter. Next Monday—Easter Monday—we shall see the usual huge crowd at Kempton Park, provided the weather is at all propitious. And the spectators will get their money's-worth, too. However, in the Queen's Prize we shall have a race contested by good-class horses. Bronzino is hardly likely to be ready, and even if he were, I don't think he would win under 9 st. 2 lb. Cocksure II. has been difficult to train, so we may leave him out; and as Taylor doesn't train his horses early in the season as a rule, the presumption is that Admiral Togo III. may not be ready. Charles O'Malley at 8 st. 12 lb. reads dangerous, especially as the stable in which he is trained has shown itself to be in form. Dalmatian (8 st. 12 lb.) I don't fancy; but Succour (8 st. 9 lb.) may be prominent. Rochester (8 st.) has been going great guns at Newmarket, and I hear that he is thought to be capable of winning a good race. Another Newmarket horse that has been doing well is St. Felicien. Origo, too, has been showing some improvement in his training gallops. Toyshop might demonstrate that the support accorded him last back-end for the Derby Cup was not misplaced; and Black Sea seems to be leniently handicapped, but I doubt if a boy could get him out. The Great Metropolitan, to be run next Tuesday, will attract several horses that have been running with prominence over hurdles, notably Bagotstown (who earned a penalty by winning a flat race at Lincoln from horses that have subsequently won races), Himan, Briery, Huckle My Buff, Clan-nish, and Eaton Lad. My selections for both races will come under the heading "Racing Tips."

The Derby. Bookmakers cannot tempt backers into dealing with the Derby. One or two stray wagers have been noted, but they are so insignificant that they have scarcely been worth chronicling. Nor is this strange, for the position has been much mystified by the ailments that have attacked Pietri and St. Anton. It is tolerably certain that one of that pair would have commanded a lot of public support had all gone well with them, but now it would be the essence of rashness to back them. The race for the Two Thousand Guineas may give some sort of pointer for the big Epsom race; but even that is extremely problematical, for at the moment it seems that Seaforth has an excellent chance of winning the first of the classics, and Seaforth is not entered for the Derby. This is just the year for M. E. Blanc to achieve an ambition he has long cherished, which on more than one occasion he has been baulked of through bad luck and bad luck alone. Under ordinary circumstances he would have won our Derby with 'Jardy, and the splendid race that colt ran when suffering from a bad cough was remarkable. This year M. Blanc has several to choose from, and it has been hinted that Shetland may prove to be the best of them. This colt, by Zinfandel—Shell-duck, has not yet run. So all is conjecture as to his racing merit.

Lord Burgoyne, the most talked about colt of M. Blanc's, is unbeaten, and is said to have won his races as a two-year-old in impressive style. The other Derby horses entered by the celebrated French owner are Zèbre, by Ajax—Poupée; Courtesan, by Flying Fox—Mlle. de Longchamp; Favonio, by Ajax—Favonia; and Manzanarès, by Bay Ronald—Maddaléna. To add to the international character of the race there are Iron Mask II., by Disguise—Royal Rose, an American colt, the property of Mr. Whitney; and Adam Bede, by Adam—Grace (Gumbeck, another American colt. Both of these are said to be very good ones, especially Iron Mask II.



CAPTAIN OF THE DEFENDERS OF THE AMERICA CUP.
MR. HARRY P. WHITNEY.

The British team who are to attempt to wrest the America Polo Cup from the present holders will play the first test match against those holders on the 1st of May. The United States team captured the trophy two years ago.—[Photograph by Topical.]

certainly a very good rider, and promises to equal his father in cleverness in the saddle. Many a trainer with such a boy under his charge would seek elsewhere for a jockey for his two-year-olds, but I am pleased to see Leach putting up Rickaby on his first-season horses. The confidence has not been misplaced, either, as his work on Beau Bois at Lincoln and Alexandra Park proved. Davis is quite a midget, and it seems wonderful that such a mite should be able to control a horse. Huxley, an Australian, whose acquaintance we made last year, is bound to do well under the tuition of Wootton, and the same applies to Calder, in the care of Hallick. A boy with the name of Calder could hardly help being a good jockey. Carron gave one or two glimpses of riding skill last season, and will get plenty of offers of mounts in the North.



ONE HORSE FOR A SOVEREIGN AND ANOTHER: KING ALFONSO, WITH A FRIEND RIDING PILLION.

So soon as the ceremonies of Holy Week are at an end, King Alfonso is to indulge in a polo week at Seville, an event which will embrace not only polo, but a bull-fight. Amongst his Majesty's guests for the occasion will be the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, Lord Shrewsbury, and Mr. George Cornwallis West.—[Photograph by E.N.A.]

RACING TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Leicester to-day the following may win: Bottesford Welter, Kilbroney; Oadby Plate, Boiling Hot; Melton Plate, Well Done. To-morrow: Workshop Plate, Monte Fiore; Leicestershire Handicap, Snatch; Wigston Plate, Persuade. Kempton Park, Monday: Queen's Prize, Moscato or Rochester. Manchester, Monday: Lancashire Steeplechase, Usury or Bloodstone. Tuesday: Jubilee Hurdle Race, Montreal. Epsom, Tuesday: Great Metropolitan, Bagotstown or Kilbroney; Westminster Plate, Clodius; Great Surrey Handicap, La Petite Lune or Braxted.

WOMAN'S WAYS

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Prophetic 1851.

In the very flower of mid-Victorian times there appeared—along with the harem skirt, then imported, not from the Rue de la Paix, but from the platforms of the United States—a large cartoon in *Punch* from the inimitable pencil of John Leech. This picture was meant to cast supreme ridicule on the aspirations of the feminine sex, and yet, out of twelve of the "impossible" things which Leech portrayed his long-haired revolutionists of 1851 engaged in doing, at least half-a-dozen have become quite usual in 1911.

Is anybody still shocked, nowadays, when a lady lights a cigarette? The astride position on horseback no longer excites curiosity, even in the Row. Girls go to their man-tailor twice or thrice a year, and eye critically the tweeds and homespuns in which they will spend all their morning hours. A pretty girl driving an effete young gentleman is no longer an astonishing spectacle. Female "Dons" and undergraduates are to be seen both at Oxford and Cambridge. In

Paris, at any rate, the cab-flames due to the salt and frankincense and wine which the two friends threw upon the pyre, the heart which would not burn, and the solitary seamew which swooped and screamed overhead unceasingly—here was a subject for a great painter, and there was the man who had taken the leading part in the whole of this weird funeral—a scene which will haunt the imagination as long as English poetry is read. Trelawny was undoubtedly one of the great Romantics, and it was he, and not Lord Byron (who died of fever while loitering, for months, in a swamp), who really shed his blood in the cause of Hellenic freedom.

Why Love is Like the Sea. "Love," says the sapient author of "The Proverbs of Prunella," "resembleth the Sea, in that it is changeable; it induceth at times surprizing Internal Feelings, whereby even strong Men are caused to Tremble and turn Pale: it is subject to Storms: it taketh away the Appetite: it doth separate many Friends: and there is a Lot of it About."

It is true, also, that the victim of the malady "suffers a sea-change into something rich and strange," for most of our friends and relatives are the very reverse of their normal selves when overtaken by what used to be called the tender passion. If they were, in their former existence, mean, under the influence of erotic emotions they will become spendthrifts; were they as open as the day, they sometimes incline to be amazingly suspicious. Then, the most slovenly, the most careless develop a strange meticulousness in their dress, an apishness of fine manners, which are never theirs in ordinary times; like the sea, they put on a smooth and smiling exterior, all blue and rippling, with never a hint of the angry storms, the hurricane winds, the mountain-high waves which are bound to agitate the lake of conjugal felicity at times. In short, a cynic might say that human love, with its variability and its "nasty little ways," is as little to be trusted as the ocean to which our laughing philosopher compares it.

To Fix the Elusive Easter.

Why should we not always pluck flowers in English hedgerows and gardens at Easter instead of having to make a long and fatiguing journey to Southern France or Sicily to see the miracle of the spring? By fixing the elusive Easter at the latest possible period, this desirable thing might be accomplished, and instead of journeying abroad in all the icy hurricanes of March, we might stop at home and bask in Devon when it is close on May. For, to be candid, these voyages to the Riviera and the Mediterranean in March are apt to be a bitter disappointment, there being hardly a spot in Europe which is not harassed by peculiarly odious and penetrating winds during the month which proverbially comes in like a lion, and goes out more like a tiger-cub than a lamb. Thus it is good news that a Bill is to be brought in to fix Easter to some permanent date; and let us pray that it be as far advanced in spring as possible.



AN AFTERNOON BLOUSE.

The blouse is in pale gold charmeuse, with a corselet of heavy gold net veiled in Sévres blue Ninon.

woman is an acknowledged fact; indeed, I beheld one or two, with my own eyes, at Trouville last summer. In some advanced country there are already police of the feminine sex. Even in military matters we are not so far behind John Leech's exuberant fancy, for are there not Girl Scouts and young persons attached to the Territorials, who ride showy nags, accoutred in khaki or scarlet and gold? And in his wildest visions, the comic *Punch* artist never envisaged women Members of Parliament; yet in those highly educated and progressive countries, Norway and Finland, feminine legislators have already taken their seats. It is quite certain that sixty years hence there will be more astonishing changes in social life than those ironically foretold during the year of the Great Exhibition.

The Last of the "Romantics." In the recently published "Letters of Edward John Trelawny" (I do not know more fascinating reading) we have a full-length portrait of one of the last of the great Romantic movement. It is hard to believe that this well-born soldier of fortune, who was the contemporary of Byron and Shelley, and who helped to immortalise the author of "Adonais" by burning his body on a lonely part of the Italian coast, lived till 1876, and therefore through the worst commercialism and snobbery of the nineteenth century. That ordeal, moreover, left him quite unspoiled and as incurably romantic, if somewhat saddened; yet able, at eighty years of age, to pose for the chief figure in one of Millais' worst and most popular pictures, "The North-West Passage." It did not, however, occur to the famous expre-Raphaelite to paint Trelawny in the most memorable scene of the first quarter of the century—at the funeral pyre of Shelley at Viareggio, with Byron assisting at these unusual rites. And yet the whole scene—the desolate wooded shore, the jagged mountains, the soldiers standing guard over the lurid obsequies, the weird colour of the



A MORNING BLOUSE.

The blouse is of striped mohair, with Quaker collar and cuffs, and opening in front over a narrow panel of black satin bordered with gilt buttons.



A WALKING-COSTUME.

The costume is in fine coating serge trimmed with black-silk braid and buttons. Wider braid trims the skirt and sleeves, and passes round the back of the bodice above the waistline. Collar and cuffs are of embroidered linen, and the hat is of chip straw trimmed with sweet peas.

[Copyright.]

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on April 25.

STOCK EXCHANGE PROSPECTS.

WITH the holiday season so near at hand, it is not surprising that Stock Exchange markets should be inclined to slip back into something like lethargy, especially as many of them have enjoyed a very good run during the past three months. In the Home Railway Market there is a good deal of irregularity consequent upon the state of the account, in which a weak element of bull speculation is discernible. Fortunately, the buying of Home Rails has been by no means confined to home; the Continent has taken a most unusual interest in the business, and prices were pushed up in some measure by the support coming from the other side of the Channel. Such purchases are, for the most part, paid for at the settlement, and this means that the market will probably be relieved of big blocks of stock this week. On the other side of the Stock Exchange, the slight revival in Kaffir shares is viewed with a good deal of suspicion by the many who recognised how very professional the buying up to the present has been; but if the insiders can keep the ball rolling until over the Easter holidays, it is quite possible that we may see something of a market during the latter part of this month.

THE RISE IN CEMENTS.

Coming up from 35/- to 7½, the Ordinary shares of the Associated Portland Cement Company stand out as amongst the chief features of the year. To what extent the huge rise is justified may be difficult to determine, but the probability is that it is simply the outcome of keen determination on the part of a strong group of financiers. When Lord St. Davids assumed the Chairmanship of the Company, it became apparent that steps were going to be taken for the practical reorganisation of the Corporation, which, up to quite lately, had struggled along more or less unsatisfactorily since its inception, weighed down by inflation of the Ordinary capital, upon which no dividend has ever been paid. During the past few months, every share that has come to market has been taken by the group responsible for the rise, and it has cost a lot of money to get the quotation up to its present level. With the shares now in a comparatively few hands, it is, of course, an easy matter to maintain this standard, but as to whether they are worth anything like the present price we should hesitate to say, and hesitate still more to buy them, except as a sheer speculation. The shareholders have this ground for congratulation, viz., that their affairs are in the hands of a powerful division whose interests lie in the prosperity of the concern. The 5½ per cent. Preference shares, standing at little under 9, return just over 6 per cent. on the money, and if the Ordinary are worth anything like their current price, the Preference should stand at least at their par value of £10. Dividends are paid in March and September.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

With Easter coming on fast and the snow coming down—as I write—faster still, we of the Stock Exchange, and you, most courteous reader, will have to put up with the prospect of quiet markets until after the holidays. Nobody cares greatly to go away, for the longest public holiday of the year, with a lot of stuff open. We mostly try to even up our books; not closing them altogether, of course, but leaving just enough open to feel that if the skies should happen to fall during the period of festivity, the result would not leave us wholly destitute.

Home Rails, of course, are in most people's minds and on most of our books. Unless the weather changes, it seems absurd to look for good holiday traffics, but the glorious uncertainties of the weather are on a par with those of cricket, and only a little lower than those of matrimony, and we never know. The market is clogged with a heavy bull account. There are scores of us eager to take profits when they grow large enough (or to cut our losses in a slump), but still the strength of the market is undeniable, and—I write as a bull and therefore you must allow a discount for prejudice—every drop in prices brings in a goodly crowd of new buyers. The undertone is good—or so it appears to me—and the backbone is strong. It may be needful to wait for our good profits longer than our impatient spirits like, but, accidents barred—and goodness knows that there is plenty of scope for them—Home Rails should have that further upward march for which too many of us are looking: too many, that is, to make the prospect what you might call safe.

The subject of Home Rails is a reminder of an excellent little book, published by Williams and Norgate, which has just appeared from the brilliant pen of Mr. Francis W. Hirst, editor of the *Economist*. It is called "The Stock Exchange," and costs, I think, a shilling. Well, and racy written, the book is one of the best of its kind that, out of very many, I have read, its author showing a range of study in its preparation that reaches from the earliest days—Mr. Hirst gently blames ancient Athens for not accepting the scheme of Xenophon for a joint-stock bank—to the modern Stock Exchanges and Bourses of the two hemispheres. On the subject of the great Home Railway boom in 1845, he says, quoting first an anonymous but well-informed writer—

"The Share Market, which, till within the last two years, was occupied with four or five distinct brokers and a number of jobbers, whose means of business were very small, has now become the grand focus of speculation and legitimate business. English and foreign Government securities are quite deserted for the superior attractions of English and foreign Railway scrip, which, of all shades and character, has been freely distributed throughout the United Kingdom.

"The brokers' and jobbers who had the first 'pick' of the market must have made considerable sums by their commissions; since the other brokers and jobbers, who paid more attention to the other public securities, were almost discarded by their former customers, who in many cases were led to believe that the 'English and Foreign Stock' broker and jobber could not transact share business. Indeed, it appears to have been some time before the veil of mystery was removed, or that the public arrived at a clear understanding of the subject. In the meanwhile, the old and respectable members of the House had the mortification to see persons who formerly had been of little reputation on the Exchange, and in many instances even their own clerks, carrying on an extensive and profitable business in shares; and as long as this lasted there was no end to the success of those who had the sway of

the market. Gradually dealings were dispersed and spread among the whole of the fraternity; and then followed the height of speculation, engendered by the general operations of the chief part of the community. The shares of every new Company coming out at a premium induced rich and poor to thrust themselves into the market; and the schemes that are every day resorted to in order to gain possession of letters of allotment which may bring a price, if the shares be paid on, are of the most multifarious and, in many instances, fraudulent description.

"Such has been the increase of business in consequence of the speculation in shares that the accounts, which used formerly to occupy not more than one or two days at the outside, nearly exhaust the week before differences can be paid, transfers made, and the books of the brokers regularly adjusted. The extent of the transactions has increased beyond measure; night and day, clerks are engaged in arranging sales and purchases, and conducting the correspondence which is required between their masters and principals.

"Innumerable instances are stated of persons who a few months ago were not worth anything having made their thousands of pounds, and several of these are junior members of the House, who were fortunate enough to deal in those shares which have attained high premiums. Considering the time and attention required in share business, the brokers do not get too well paid; although there may be every reason to suppose that many are obtaining immense incomes from it by the inordinate influx of commissions. This will, we think, be seen when we state that on the principal (part) of the business being transacted in the new scrip, upon which not more than £1 to £3 has been paid, they only realise the small commission of 1s. 3d. per share. If they buy or sell largely of Brighton, Birmingham and Grand Junction, they get the larger commission; but these descriptions have not been dealt in to any comparable extent with the issues of the new Companies. Brighton and South-Eastern have undergone considerable fluctuation during the mania; but then, as the business was in a few hands, it cannot be supposed to have extended its beneficial influence over the whole market.

"Some fortunate brokers were said to have made £3000 and £4000 a day by their business, but not, of course, by commissions. By lucky speculations they might easily have made much larger amounts. One fortunate individual outside the House, who held largely of Churnett Valley scrip before the announcement of the sanction of the Board of Trade to the project, 'sold at the best price of the market when the announcement was made, and netted by his one coup £27,000.' Very large sums were made and lost in London and York, and Direct Northern—two of the leading 'fancies' which were dealt in more for speculation than investment."

All round the House you hear the same cry of "Better after Easter." This applies even to the Kafir and Rhodesian Market, and the men who study conditions in these departments say that, of the two, Rhodesians stand the better chance so far as merit is concerned. For months past my own idea has been that it is right to have Chartered, and the comparative firmness of those shares at the time when other things were steeped in despondency will not have been overlooked by those who are following them.

Grand Trunks loiter, and it is a question whether the time is not near for them to have a sharp rise in sympathy with other Canadian properties. And Perus have come back from their recent top, although the Corporation is doing so well that its earnings show an extra 1 per cent. on the Preference stock. There should be, and is, plenty of scope for a two or three points run in the Ordinary. Markets in many other parts of the House are interesting enough; but my long quotation from Mr. Hirst's capital book has more than exhausted my space, and I daresay that all of you who have travelled thus far with me are casting mental (Easter) eggs at

Friday, April 7, 1911.

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

NOTE.—As we have to go to press earlier than usual this week in consequence of the coming holidays, may we ask the indulgence of those correspondents who do not see their letters answered here this week?

PERPLEXED.—(1) Except on a general sharp fall, we do not expect to see Chathams go back to your figure. (2) North British have fair prospects of further improvement. (3) South-Western Deferred, Antofagasta Deferred, Mexican Railway Second Preference are good speculative investments.

ANGLO.—We have a poor opinion of the concern. The shares are of £1 each, fully paid.

J. S.—We should advise you to have no dealings with the people referred to in your letter. If you determine to deal with them, you will do so against our opinion and advice.

E. P. C.—If you will look at the Correspondence column of our last week's Issue, you will find the names of the Rubber Companies we advise.

UNEASY.—We think that your best shares are Straits Bertram, Mid East, Linggi, and Anglo-Malay; but you seem to have paid top prices for everything. The Malaccas are, we consider, fully valued even now, though there may be a further recovery if Paris continues to buy. But Crudes, Madagascars, and London Ventures make a very bad trio for a lady to hold, and until you are quit of them we fear you will always justify your present *nom-de-plume*.

WORRY.—Not a bad holding, but highly speculative.

B. H.—Should advise you to leave it most severely alone.

PERPLEXED (No. 2).—The amount you received last August is correct. We are making inquiries as to the other dividend, and will answer next week.

CALIFORNIAN OIL FINANCE.—The shares of the Californian Amalgamated Oil Company, Ltd., will shortly be introduced to the London Stock Exchange under strong auspices. The capital of the Company is £350,000, of which £311,000 is to be issued (fully paid), leaving £39,000 in reserve. The vendors take all their purchase-price in shares. The property contains 680 acres, and although only 40 acres have been partially developed, it is stated that a net profit is being made at the rate of over £40,000 per annum, and it is anticipated that this will be substantially increased during the next twelve months. Reports have been made by Ralph Arnold and Harry R. Johnson, both of whom were employed by the United States Government to make the geological survey of California.

PREMIER OIL AND PIPE LINE.—This Company has been formed barely a twelvemonth, and yet it has paid three interim dividends at 10 per cent. per annum, and the final distribution for the year is expected to be considerably larger. The official statement issued in January last showed production at a rate of 250 tons daily, or 90,000 tons a year. The profit from this will approximate to £80,000 per annum, and a dividend of 20 per cent. requires only £66,000. At a little over par, the present market price, the shares are a distinctly attractive purchase.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

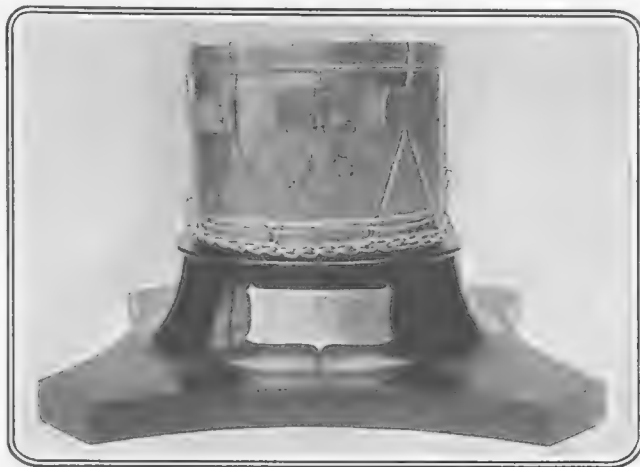
The Easter Flight. There is a great flutter in feminine circles just now, because Easter means new clothes, and this year the new garments are likely to be rather gay in colour, for we have had a long spell of sombre dressing. In a week or two the Court will be out of mourning, and there will be the reaction in the higher circles that Easter will bring about in the lower and middle classes. The shop windows suggest lovely shades of bright blue, rose colour, and ochre. So far little green is to be seen; as the spring advances doubtless we shall have more; it is one of the colours called cold, and therefore comes in with more genial weather than we have as yet been treated to. I notice that hats are very jaunty, and if they are of dark straw, the trimmings are bright. In form there is little difference in dress; the long lines and slim outline are still considered most desirable, and the fabrics are soft and clinging.

Beads, Beads, Beads! The embroideries on dresses, hats, and coats are all encrusted with beads. On the headgear that is ready for Easter, I notice a great deal of coral and turquoise beadwork, also of a mixture of these beads with white and black, which is certainly effective. The use made of it is for straps and buckles and *choux*, which all point to a neater and closer style of headgear and to a flatter way of trimming. These remarks refer to everyday headgear. More dressy hats, for those whose pockets are not too well lined, are trimmed with flowers or with fanciful feathers, and are larger and more opulent-looking, but not of immense dimensions, while the favourite angle seems to be across the head and down over the right eye. Lancer plumes in shaded effects, cut ospreys and egret clusters, Paradise plumes and flowers made of diaphanous silk in curious colours, are the trimmings for hats the prices of which run into two figures—sometimes quite far into them. Of these I remark that the crowns are high and the plumes upright, which is the material change from last year's style.

Loyal and Lovely. The latest way of charmingly expressing patriotic and loyal sentiments is by wearing red and white and blue flowers. Of course, I don't mean red geraniums, blue cornflowers, and white pinks. That is a method much too crude

it. The flowers look as if fingers never touched them; if Dame Nature took to growing them in satin, she could do no better. These are the latest cachet to a smart evening bodice or to an outdoor costume. They are made for the firm supplying the Queen with her robes, and they are of British workmanship. The vogue is therefore quite appropriate to Coronation year. They are not necessarily red, white, and blue, of course; the most daring and delightful colour-schemes are carried out to go with costumes original and striking in hue.

Learning to Speak. This should not be confined to childhood, when we acquire the elements, and leave it to chance to develop the matter as it may. I have just heard several speeches, by a minister, doctor, politician, private lady, and an actress. They were all good speeches, as far as the subject was concerned. The actress, however, delivered hers in such a delightful way that the subject borrowed many graces, and went to the hearts of the listeners straight as an arrow from a bow. Elocution is an art terribly neglected: our orators often have never studied it; our clergymen rarely; our doctors speak well, as a rule, from a habit of logical thinking—much of what they say is lost in delivery. To come from the serious to the solely frivolous, what a delight is a clear enunciation coupled with a soft, melodious feminine voice. Every young man and girl should learn elocution; it is of all arts one of the most seductive, and it is horribly neglected, being seldom taught at all save in connection with acting.



MODELLED FROM THE ORIGINAL CAPTURED AT THE BATTLE OF INKERMEN: A SOLID SILVER DRUM.

The original from which this drum was modelled was captured at Inkerman and cost two Russian soldiers and a drummer their lives. It is the work of Messrs. Mappin and Webb (1908), Ltd., of 159-162, Oxford Street, W.; 220, Regent Street, W.; and 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

A Benedick Indeed. Viscount Valletort, the only son of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, has long been regarded as a non-marrying man. Very handsome, with the most fascinating personality, the heir to an Earldom and one of the most beautiful places in England, he reached his forty-sixth year without so much as a rumour of his marrying. Now it is stated that he is engaged to Lady Edith Villiers, the only daughter of the Earl of Clarendon. The Earl of Mount Edgcumbe was a great friend of King Edward, than whom he was some years older. He has entertained at Mount Edgcumbe almost every member of the Royal Family. The late King and Queen Alexandra were more than once his guests, and their present Majesties, as Prince and Princess of Wales, have visited him there. Lord Valletort's mother was a sister of the first Duke of Abercorn. She died thirty-seven years ago. After remaining a widower for thirty-two years, his father married the widow of the third Earl of Ravensworth, a kinswoman of his own. She died in 1909. Lady Edith Villiers is a general



TAKING LEAVE OF HER CENSUS: A SUFFRAGETTE SLEEPING IN A PASSAGE IN THE HOUSE OF A FRIEND WHO REFUSED TO FILL IN A CENSUS-PAPER, THERE BEING NO "VOTES FOR WOMEN."



SLEEPING IN A BATH TO AVOID BEING NUMBERED: A SUFFRAGETTE IN TEMPORARY QUARTERS IN THE HOUSE OF A FRIEND WHO REFUSED TO FILL IN A CENSUS-PAPER.

Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.

for the cultured modern woman. No, the new flowers are made by a lady, of soft satin ribbon, and are of colours which Nature does not yet supply. The red, white, and blue cluster of roses is an absolute harmony: the white is that of old ivory; the red, soft, deep, and rich; the blue, a delicious one, with a touch of purple in

favourite. Her father, after being fourteen years a widower, married again three years back. Lady Edith has always been devoted to her only brother, Lord Hyde. He married nearly five years ago, from the house of the Countess of Dudley, pretty Miss Somers-Cocks, and they have a boy and a girl.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

To Ensure Clean
Floorboards.

The "tidy pachyderm," I mean the tidy soul, though a motorist, girds excessively at the dirt and filth frequently conveyed into his car, to the besmirching of his clean rubber mats, by passengers who embark from muddy roads. Keen to meet the tidy motorist in every way, certain of the accessory people have been at pains to provide means by which the interior of cars can be kept free from such undesirable soiling. First, those universal motoring providers, Messrs. Brown Bros., Ltd., of Great Eastern Street, Shoreditch, offer most convenient scrapers which can be screwed to the under-surfaces of the running footboards, for the removal of the bulk of the undesirable; while Messrs. John Barker and Co., Ltd., of High Street, Kensington, provide pretty, daintily edged cocoa-nut mats, for attachment to the upper surface of the footboard for the final cleansing. Then it will only need a neat little notice on the door, "Please use scraper and mat before entering," to make the whole thing complete.

Fines to the Road
Board.

Motorists will, in part at least, welcome the return of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to his seat on the Front Government Bench in the House of Commons, if it is only to get his reply to the question so pertinently asked by Sir Charles Henry on the 20th ult. The Chancellor was asked if he would take steps, by legislation or otherwise, to divert to the Treasury the fines imposed upon motorists for exceeding the speed-limit, allocating them to the funds of the Road Board, instead of applying them, as at present, to the benefit of those districts whose magisterial benches impose the fines. Mr. Hobhouse, who replied, in the absence of Mr. Lloyd George, said he would draw the Chancellor's attention to the suggestion of his hon. friend. It must, of course, be presumed that Mr. Hobhouse had no power whatever to pledge his chief; but as this is not the first time this proposal has been made, and as it certainly has been before the Chancellor on another occasion, his views on the subject would be well known to his colleague; and if they were opposed to it, it is not altogether improbable that a reply to that effect would have been at once returned. In the absence of the direct negative, then, there is some hope that steps may be taken to render the persecution of motorists unprofitable in more ways than one.

"Pfleumatic."

There have been tyre-fillings and to spare put upon the market and offered to the public of late years; but though these compounds appeared to serve their purpose, they nevertheless dropped out one by one, until there

remains but one, and that the substance known by the somewhat perplexing title of "Pfleumatic." There is no need at the moment to inquire too closely into the constructive derivation of this word; it is sufficient at this juncture in the motoring season, when motorists are pondering how they may reduce their tyre-bills in the future, to note what private motorists have achieved by the use of this substance. We read of a 12-16 h.p. Clement-Talbot which has already run 1300 miles with pfleumatic-filled covers, to the great satisfaction of the owner, who says that it has not slowed the car, that passengers do not notice the difference between it and air, and that when standing for long periods flats are not formed on the covers. When considering the adoption of "pfleumatic," the fact that no expensive inner tubes are required should be remembered.

Other Clubs, Please
Copy!

The example of the Notts Automobile Club might be followed by similar leading county associations of the kind with general profit to automobilism as a whole. Owing to the complaints made with regard to inconsiderate driving in the streets and outskirts of the city where the lace curtains come from, this club employed an inspector charged with the observation of the motor-traffic in the city. The result of this excellent move was the prosecution of a motorist for driving to the danger of the public; but although the case was proved up to the hilt by the inspector and the police, the Bench—a model, by the way, to many other Benches farther south—in lieu of seizing upon an opportunity to plunder the motorist, let the offender off, by the payment of costs, on the ground that it was a first offence. So the Nottingham Automobile Club, the Inspector, and the Bench all came very well out of the matter, while the example is obvious to all.

Further Touring
Facilities.

Since May last, every motorist taking his car across the Channel for touring purposes has taken out an International Pass. Now although this document is, on the whole, a considerable improvement over and above the method which formerly obtained, it is nevertheless something of a disadvantage that in its present form the pass is only available for entry into any one country, as it is signed by the Customs officials both on entering and leaving. At the last congress of the Ligue Internationale des Associations Touristes, the Motor Union representative, Captain Kingston, suggested that the pass should be stamped only when the car entered the country, so that it would retain its validity for any number of entries. As a result of the negotiations which ensued, the Customs officials of France, Belgium, and Holland have signified their assent to this procedure, and, further, the Minister of Foreign Affairs in France has promised to urge the officials of other countries to make similar arrangements.

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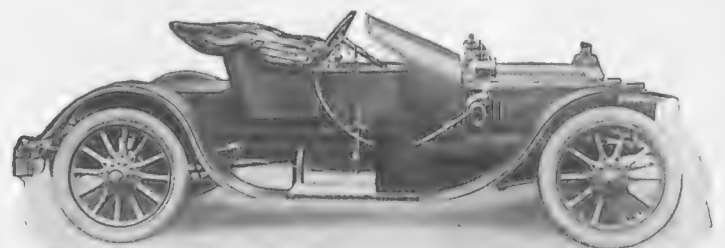
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(Sgd.) J. HOWSON RAY, F.R.C.S. 26/3/11.



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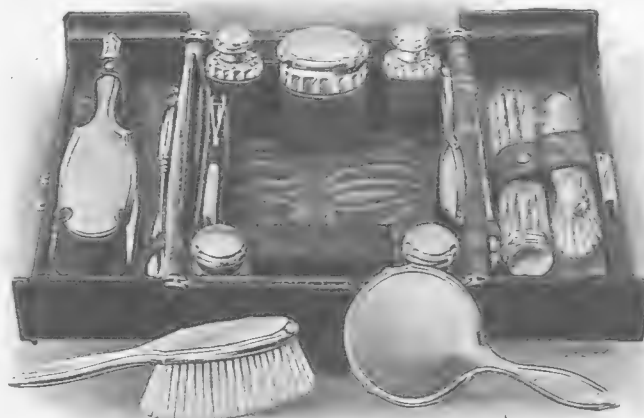
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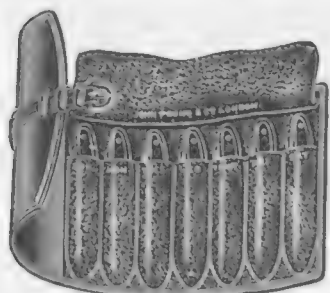
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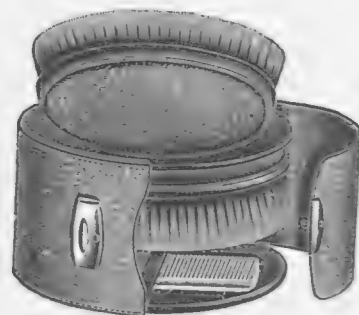


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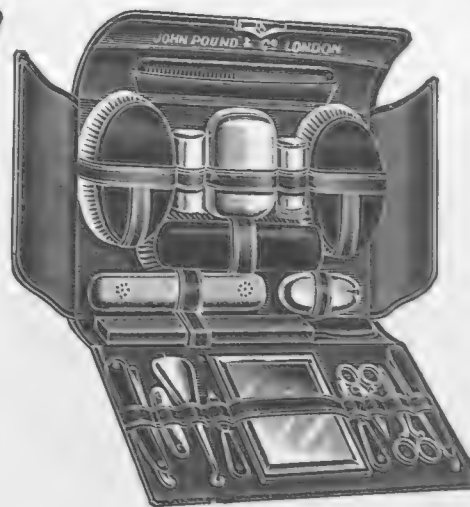
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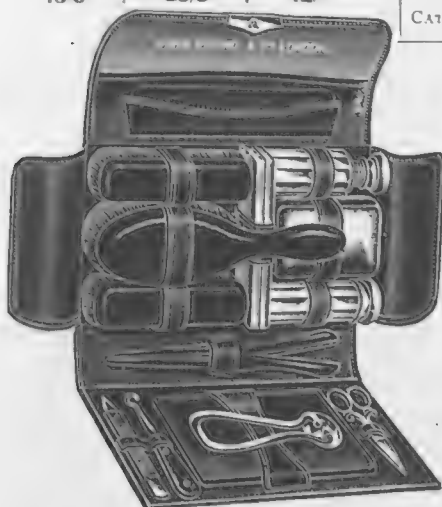


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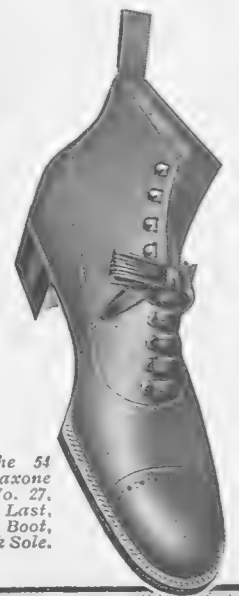
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It was my friend, about whom I wrote previously.

He made straight for the Touring Office and an easy chair.

It was quite unnecessary to question him.

"I have my new car," he said, "and although its mud adornments don't improve her looks, I think you will agree she's a beauty. However, I didn't come to talk to you about that. What *jolly* fine tyres those Square Treads of yours are for front-wheel work. Business took me away to the North of Scotland, and in the last fourteen days I have actually covered 2600 miles."

"And the roads?" I queried.

"Good, bad, and indifferent; in parts truly awful. But I've had no trouble. Not a trouble! Haven't even inflated; although I've been very careful to verify the pressure each day. More than that—for at least eight days I was travelling over wet roads, very loose in places. But never a side-slip! It was just fine! And now tell me, friend: what more can I do to prolong the life of my tyres?"

"The life-span of a tyre is controlled by many things," I replied.

"Shade of my youth and copy-book head-lines!" he murmured.

"All the same—don't you forget it," I retorted. "Uneven distribution of weight, bad driving, jerky starts, unnecessarily sudden stops, sharp corners taken at high speeds, habitual overloading, or the use of tyres so small that the car, even under normal weight conditions, is a heavy tax upon their powers of resistance—all these are leading actors in the crime of tyre murder. So many motorists forget to consider their tyres in relation to the greatest weight they will be required to support, and to the car's h.p. Off they go—disgracefully under-tyred—bang into the middle of a sea of Trouble with a capital T; and then—curse the poor manufacturer up hill and down dale. A bit illogical, isn't it?"

"Decidedly!" replied my friend; "but the cap doesn't fit this time. Oh no! Under-tyred once is enough for me. I won't forget the trouble I had with my last car. But, to change the subject: Do you know I have been immensely struck by the increased resiliency which your Square Treads show over other makes? The car seems literally to bound over the roads. I have been making enquiries, and have discovered that several of my friends use them. One has them on all four wheels of his car. The rear wheel covers ran over 7000 miles before requiring inside patches; one front cover has done about 8000 miles and the other nearly 11,000 miles. It is still in a splendid condition, and has never even been punctured.

"But there: I must be off; I'm due in the City at five; good-bye; many thanks; keep me a copy of the British Guide like a good fellow. By-bye . . ."

He was gone.

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Barrie on Tobacco

From "My Lady Nicotine," by J. M. Barrie.

Nothing is more pitiable than the way some men of my acquaintance enslave themselves to tobacco. Nay, worse, they make an idol of some one particular tobacco. I know a man who considers a certain mixture so superior to all others that he will walk three miles for it. Surely every one will admit that this is lamentable. It is not even a good mixture, for I used to try it occasionally; and if there is one man in London who knows tobacco it is myself. There is only one mixture in London deserving the adjective superb. I will not say where it is to be got, for the result would certainly be that many foolish men would smoke more than ever; but I never knew anything to compare to it. It is deliciously mild, full of fragrance, and it never burns the tongue. If you try it once you smoke it ever afterwards. It clears the brain and soothes the temper. When I went away for a holiday anywhere I took as much of that exquisite health-giving mixture as I thought would last me the whole time, but I always ran out of it. Then I telegraphed to London for more, and was miserable until it arrived. How I tore the lid off the canister! That is a tobacco to live for.

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CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Trail of '98."

By ROBERT W. SERVICE.
(T. Fisher Unwin.)

For a poet's book, Mr. Service's is singularly free from any sense of beauty. It cannot claim a beauty of style. At his highest and most intense—say, the vision of the Gold Trail on page 95—one is only staggered by what a hundred reviewers call powerful writing: "The spirit of the Gold Trail, how shall I describe it? It was based on that primal instinct of self-preservation that underlies our thin veneer of humanity. It was rebellion, anarchy; it was ruthless, aggressive, primitive; it was the man of the Stone Age in modern garb waging his fierce, incessant warfare with the forces of nature. Spurred on by the fever of the gold-lust, goaded by the fear of losing in the race, maddened by difficulties and obstacles of the way, men became demons of cruelty and aggression, ruthlessly thrusting aside and trampling down the weaker ones who thwarted their progress. Of pity, humanity, love, there was none—only the gold-lust, triumphant and repellent. . . . Every day as I watched that human torrent, I realised how vast, how irresistible it was. It was Epic, it was Historical." But a clever journalist does as much for his paper on the spur of a sensational event or catastrophe. They are words, thundering like the Whitehorse Rapids down which the hero and his sweetheart crash, but empty of that quality of magic which it is the business of every artist to evoke, each in his separate way. "The wild music throbbed with passionate sweetness and despair" is a phrase that leaves us cold, just as the injudicious figure spoils a fine beginning of a landscape when Yukon, ribbon-like or broadening to a pool of quicksilver, seemed "motionless, dead, like a piece of tinfoil lying on a sable shroud." So short is the swing of the pendulum between the trite and the grotesque! In spite of this, "The Trail of '98" will be read when much better-written books are left uncut. And the reason will lie in the obvious certainty of its being a corner of life torn off hastily, even passionately, at a point where life became supremely hasty and passionate. Athol Meldrum, who was, in his own words, of gentle birth and Highland breeding, tells the story in the first person. When his family packed him off to sheep-farm with a cousin in Saskatchewan he took himself to San Francisco. A time of degrading labour and want finally led him to the trail for the Klondyke. Quite early on the voyage he observes a couple who recall two famous figures to the reader—Little Nell and her Grandfather. The old man, a Polish Jew, has no American but the word "Klondyke." He, like his great prototype, is a visionary, and dreams his dreams for the enrichment of his little granddaughter.

Surely, when death buries him in a snowslide, and pretty Berna is tortured and victimised by some Jewish compatriots, Athol would have saved her by marriage, but for that fact of his Scottish birth. She asked him to, and he refused, being unsure of her, unsure of himself—in fact, too canny. Eventually, after Nature, in her most unanswerable mood, threw them together down the terrible river-falls, he puts a date of a year on the time of probation. That year holds unspeakable peril for Berna, and days of ceaseless toil. The toil she worked out, and the peril, after long menace, engulfed her. It takes a Scotch lover to sentimentalise about the grace and purity of his betrothed, to mourn her danger and deprecate her daily work, and—to sentimentalise. As by fire he recovered her who was lost; and, though still shirking marriage, made Berna happy in a small cabin-home. A tragic event terminated that happiness, and Athol returned to the lonely Scottish home a tired and crippled Laird. This is the romance of sex along the trail, but the deep interest will be for the romance of adventure and endurance and luck. The painful journey, the exhausting labour, the odds against success, and the savage Vanity Fair of Dawson City, where success so often spelled ruin, these are the things which attract and hold the attention. Various figures of the strange pilgrimage are too real not to be alive, and, when the worst has been said, that the book lacks beauty of style, beauty of situation, beauty of attitude, it must still leave behind it an impression of vast and terrible forces—the force of an untamed land with its relentless climate, and the force of a relentless humanity with its untamed passions.

"Double Lives."

By FRANCIS GRIBBLE.
(Eveleigh Nash.)

There is no subtle suggestion to be read into the title. Usually, and invariably in the case of the hero, the double life is achieved by a series of liaisons, more or less concealed from what each individual calls for himself "the world." Whether it be a Gaiety girl, a married Society woman, or a theosophist, the nuances scarcely vary—all lead to the same quarry by very similar routes. Gabriel Vaughan was athirst for life, and his way of tasting it was by the means of sensation or emotion aroused by various young women. He made a pretty circle from the first tentative affair with blue-eyed Evelyn of Oxford days through a couple of typical adventures, and back disillusioned to Evelyn, who had also made her mistakes with a fine foreign tenor. Life as recorded by Mr. Gribble moves in paragraphs of the daily press—the last one being to the effect that the tenor was shot by an indignant husband, and Evelyn becomes free to legalise Gabriel's final (?) venture.

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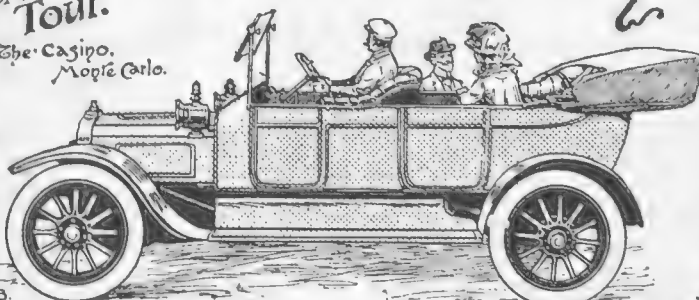
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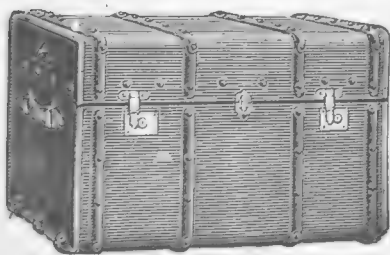
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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with the Talking Dog; Nell Brinkley Girls; Miss Connie Ediss in "The Girl in the Train"; the Writing on the Hand; "The Quaker Girl," at the Adelphi; Miss Ethel Irving; the Fair Months of the Year; Mlle. Trouhanowa in "Nebuchadnezzar."

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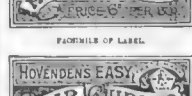


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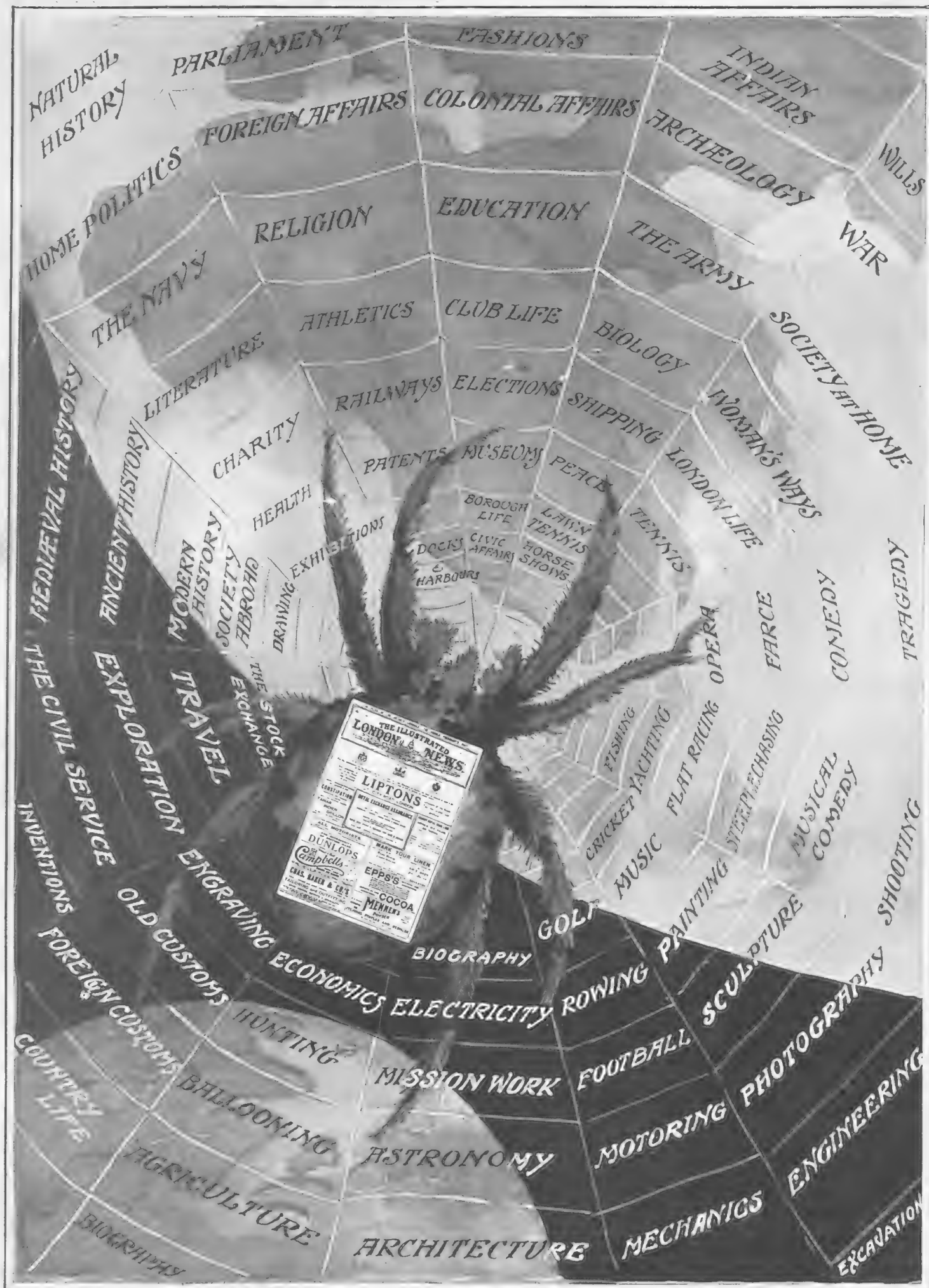
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OUR FANTASTIC CALENDAR.

SOMEBODY will have to talk to Mr. Robert Pearce, M.P. Not content with turning night into day, he actually wants to reform our calendar, and make us order our days as if we were a rational nation that sometimes bred a mathematician. And the Cabinet is abetting him, taking steps to ascertain the views of the people on this question. They propose to pick our year to pieces, and make it fit time as if it were a misfit garment for remodelling. The thing is too madly sane: they want to make life too easy, to give us a calendar which will enable a child to say upon what day Christmas or Easter will fall twenty or a thousand years hence; to know instantly upon what day a given month will begin, and all that sort of thing. The people who make the Chinese-puzzle almanacks devised to meet the present difficulties of counting may well go grey with alarm. Perhaps we need not expect the revolution too soon; some of us will have been dead some years (present style) before it arrives. For one thing, the movement from which the proposal springs is an international one, and apparently we have to carry Russia with it. Well, she is still a Julianite, and twelve days behind us; and as, when she began to tinker with the question, some ten years ago, she believed that the change would take half a century to effect, we may prepare to muddle along for a time in the old haphazard way.

They managed these things with less difficulty in the classical days, when a dictator had but to say that a thing should be for it to happen. Nobody tried to bully the sun into inactivity. Julius Cæsar inherited a calendar which included months named as we still call them, but the year was a good ten days and odd short of the true solar year, and the powers that were made it their duty to increase or curtail the length of the year as it suited their purpose. Cæsar retained most of the names, but recreated the months, as it were. He made the whole year accord, as far as he could, with the course of the sun. He gave us our 365 days' year, but added the leap years. He ordered that the months, from January to November, inclusive, should be alternately thirty-one and thirty days, excepting February, which was to be of twenty-nine days' duration in ordinary years, with an added day for leap years. Cutting out the name of the month "Quintilis," he substituted "Julius" as his own share of glory in the reform. When Augustus came along, he altered the name of the month Sextilis to Augustus, and, that it should suffer no diminution of importance, slung in another day, making it thirty-one instead of thirty. February was the month whence this day was stolen. Other minor alterations were introduced into the book of days, and the world jogged on for

the next fifteen or sixteen hundred years, getting more and more ahead of the sun. It was only a trifle over eleven minutes a year, but that, in course of time, mounted up, and Pope Gregory XIII. found matters ten days wrong.

He determined to rectify the error, and calmly cut out ten days of his year, causing the Gregorian Calendar forthwith to be instituted. The innovation was resisted for long in countries averse to Popery, and it took England nigh upon two centuries to come into line. It was the famous Lord Chesterfield, of course, who got our noble Lords to adopt the reform. We are all familiar with a letter in which he describes his triumph: how Lord Macclesfield, who really understood the subject, was hardly listened to, while he himself, by the adroitness of his flattery, which made the peers believe that he knew all about the subject, and also that they, too, understood it, carried the thing with flying colours, though, as he says, when he was speaking, he felt that he could have done as well by addressing them in Celtic or Slavonic. This was all very well for our hereditary legislators, but the proletariat felt that they had been done. They thought they had given something for nothing. They ran about the country piteously appealing to all and sundry to "give us back our eleven days." Chesterfield's method in getting the Bill through was happy-go-lucky in the extreme, if we are to believe him; but the Act itself was a masterpiece of Parliamentary draftsmanship, and authorities still refer to it as an example of the better planning of our forefathers.

Our calendar, reformed by a great Pope, who retained its heathen nomenclature, is still fantastic enough to frighten the student. The earth completes its revolution round the sun in 365 days, 5 hours and a fraction; but our civil year consists of 365 days only, so necessitating the use of leap years. We shall probably never have a universal calendar. Every day of the week is a Sabbath with some nation. What is 1911 with us is 5672 with the Jews, and 1329-30 with the Mohammedans. There is an affinity between the Persian and Chinese calendars, more especially in the management of celestial phenomena by the official astronomers. Hence, when the Shah of Persia, thirty years ago, was taken by the then Prince of Wales to our Royal Observatory, "Show me an eclipse of the sun," commanded the Oriental potentate. Sir George Airy pretended not to hear. "Dog of an astronomer," thundered the unwise man from the East, "produce me an eclipse!" Sir George could but meekly reply that he had not one available. "Off with his head!" said the Shah to the Prince with noble warmth. When Sir W. M. Christie was appointed successor to Sir George, the Shah wrote him a friendly letter, mentioning that he had just witnessed an eclipse of the sun at Teheran, which the Persian astronomer had obediently arranged.

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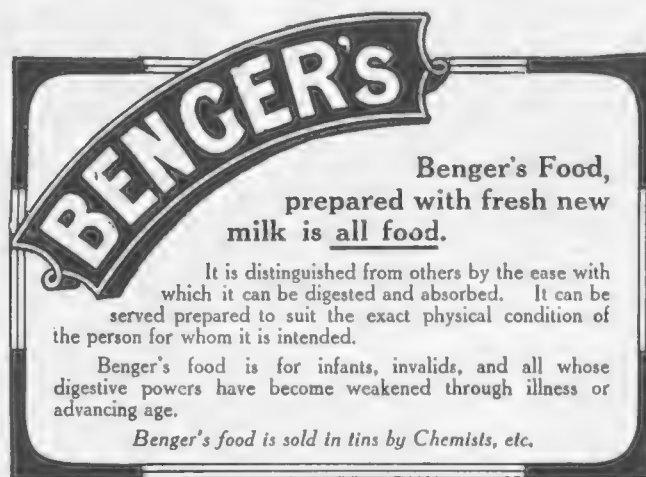
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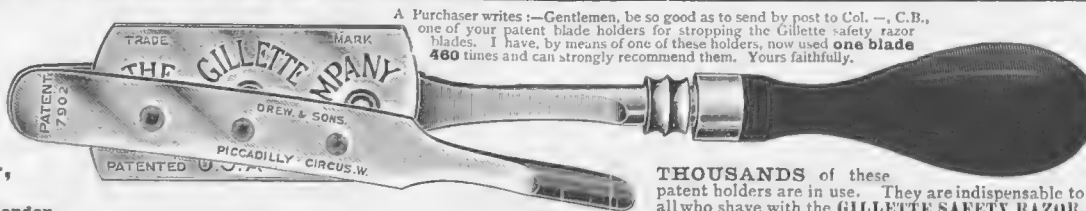
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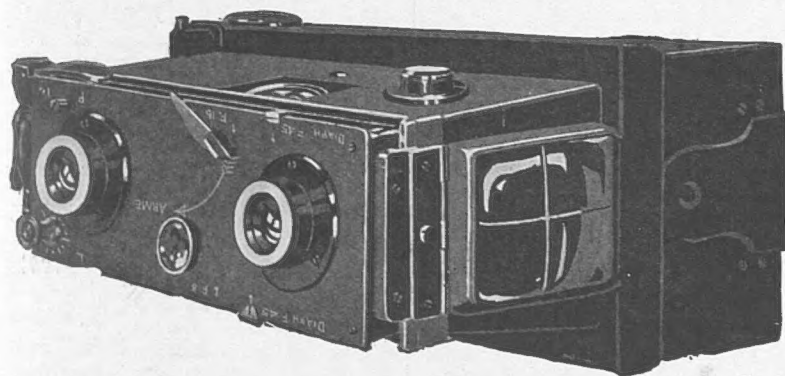
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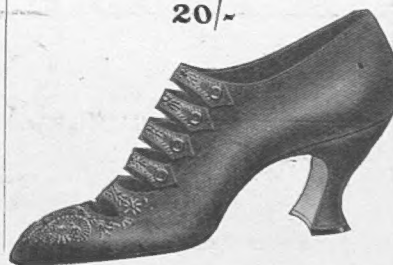
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AN ORDINARY WOMAN AS HEROINE.

MRS. DAWSON SCOTT'S story, "Mrs. Noakes (An Ordinary Woman)" (Chapman and Hall), may almost be said to suffer from the quality of its heroine. Her vision of middle-class life, of ordinary life, is so uncompromising, so convincing, so sympathetic, and nothing of its promise survives its futilities. Life's great final promise, the secret hope for the race or individual, the last invariable solace to the disillusioned—that life shall rebud and reblossom in the bearing and rearing of children—becomes in the light of Mrs. Noakes' experience a poor, unprofitable thing. Before the birth of her second child, Carrie Noakes found the first failing of her married happiness and diagnosed the sickness. Like herself, it was quite ordinary: her handsome, good-tempered husband drank. First went the prosperity of his business, and was followed by the comfort of their well-kept home, where the surfaces of Chippendale furniture, Sheffield plate, and cut-glass received such loving consideration. It soon became a question of saving any of this by a furtive removal of it to her sister's house. And when the crash came, Carrie, with a residue of her own small fortune, fled from London—she, her three children, and their father—to a retreat in Cornwall. There, with the extraordinary courage and capability which again are so typical of the ordinary woman, she fed, clothed, and housed her little family, of which Reuben, her husband, was not the least weak or helpless member. Through long years of daily toil, she forgot dreams of her girlish twenties, to open her brown eyes very clearly on the sordid shortcomings, the temperamental failures of those she spent herself in loving and protecting. More passionately than to her good-looking elder daughter, or the delicate younger one, she clung to her son—the child whose coming was just a month due when she stood in her demoralised drawing-room and saw by the light of a grey dawn the wrack of empty bottles. "Nobby," childish corruption of "Bobby," was to become the ideal son of this shattered idol, whose golden heart beat obscurely among the ruins of clay and wax. Nobby might be a bit heavy, as his genial father hinted, but at least he was naturally good. "For Punctuality and Good Conduct" were the invariable inscriptions in volumes brought from the grammar school. And for Nobby's career his mother in due time returned to town. How she rejoiced alike in his physical resemblance to and moral divergence from his beloved father—yes, always beloved, as such men will be by "ordinary women"! And at last, when responsibility and crisis bring to the surface a delicately suggested heredity; when Nobby, trapped by a common woman, loafs and drinks, less brilliantly

but as surely as Reuben, when Carrie is fain to resign him to distant exile, she resigns with him her last claim on life for any meaning or consequence. Mrs. Dawson Scott completes her remarkable, if depressing, study by Mrs. Noakes' death-bed. It was the thought of her husband that shot colour through the veil of great indifference with which Death baffles Life's last moments. She died in his arms, to his promise of reunion. "In after years her children learnt from more than one grey-haired matron of the effect their father's personality had made on his generation. 'Ah, my dears, there was no one like him! Such exceptional sweetness of disposition and such charm! Your mother was an estimable woman, and certainly dressed very well. Yet I always wondered—'" But "such as Mrs. Noakes," writes Mrs. Dawson Scott above "The End," "we have always with us."

At the Shakespeare Theatre, last week, Cavaliere F. Castellano's Italian Grand Opera Company gave a very successful series of operas, opening on the Monday with Verdi's "Il Trovatore," followed on Tuesday by Gounod's "Faust." Other operas given were "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," "Carmen," "La Traviata," "Rigoletto," "I Pagliacci," and "Cavalleria Rusticana." Londoners then had an opportunity, which was greatly appreciated, of listening to opera well sung, at moderate prices, and yet under comfortable conditions. In "Il Trovatore" the singing was good throughout, including that of the chorus. Special mention should be made of Signora Defral as Leonora, Signora Goretta Castellano as Azucena, Signor Barbato as Manrico, Signor Vail as the Count of Luna, and Signor Fragari as the Messenger.

Everyone wants to know at times on what day some social function is to take place, or else, having a day to fill up, wants to know what events are fixed for that day. Such information is handily supplied by a new little work of reference, called "The Social Guide for 1911," edited by Mrs. Hugh Adams and Edith A. Browne, and published, at half-a-crown, by Messrs. A. and C. Black. It contains a calendar of social fixtures, and another and more detailed list, arranged alphabetically, and including also details about various clubs and societies.

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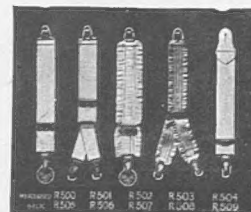
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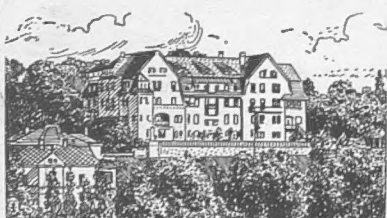
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